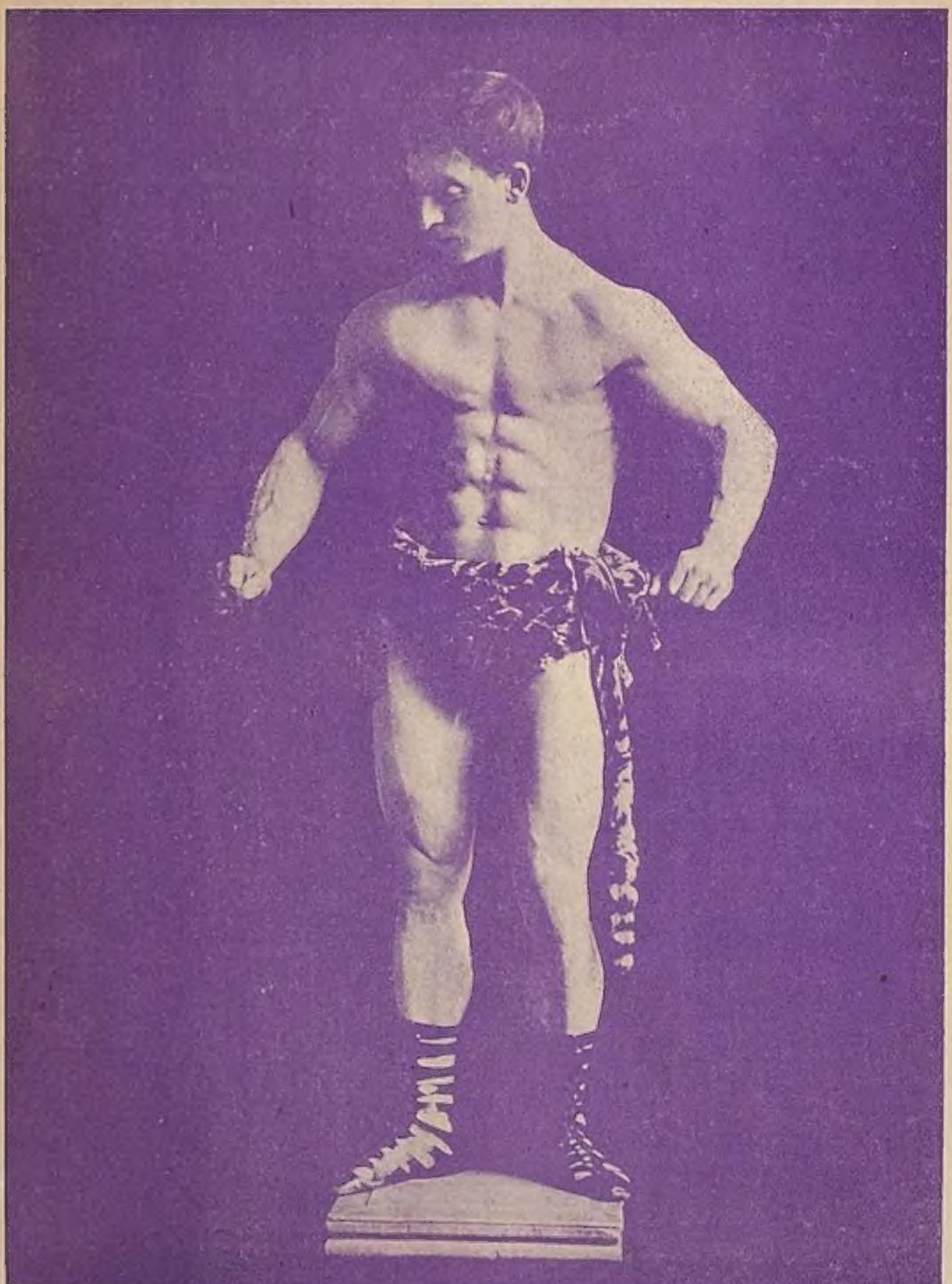
SANDOW'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVII. AUGUST 16th, 1906. No. 7.



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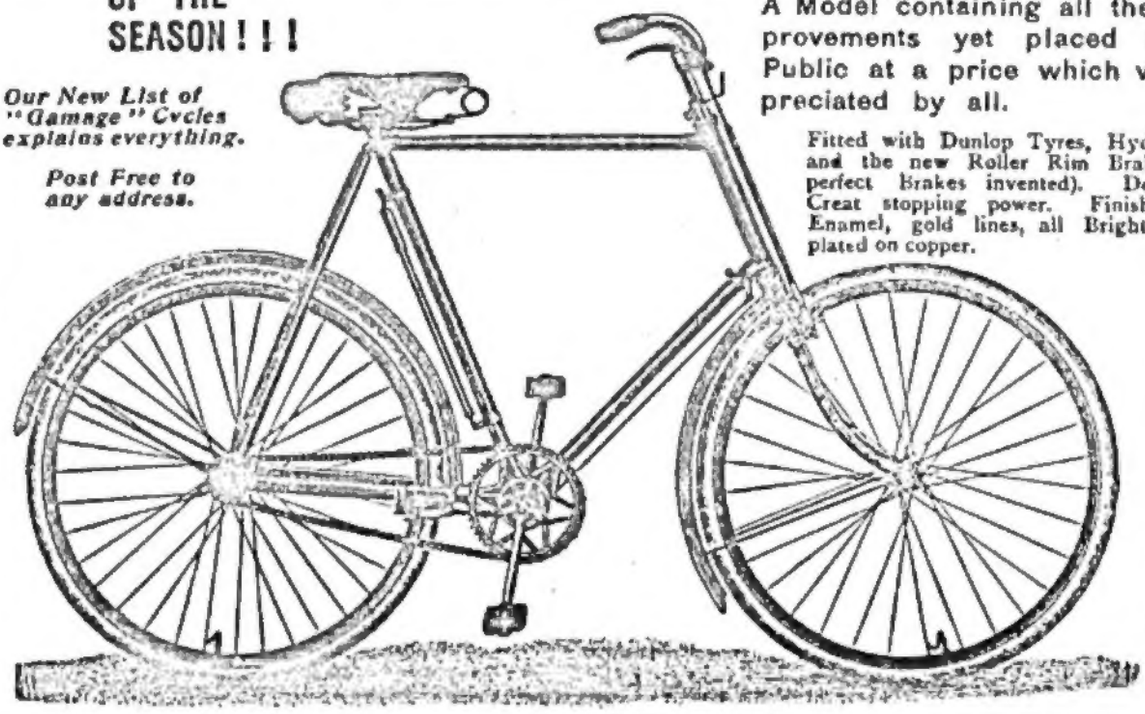

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The Author, Mr. G. Bojus, was formerly superintendent of physical culture in the Elizabeth (N.J.) public schools, instructor at Columbia University (New York), instructor for four years at the Columbia summer school, and is now proprietor of the Park Place Gymnasium, at 14, Park Place, New York City. The book contains 200 photographs of all the various exercises, with the instructions in large, readable type. It should be in the hands of every teacher and pupil of physical culture, and is invaluable for home exercise as well.

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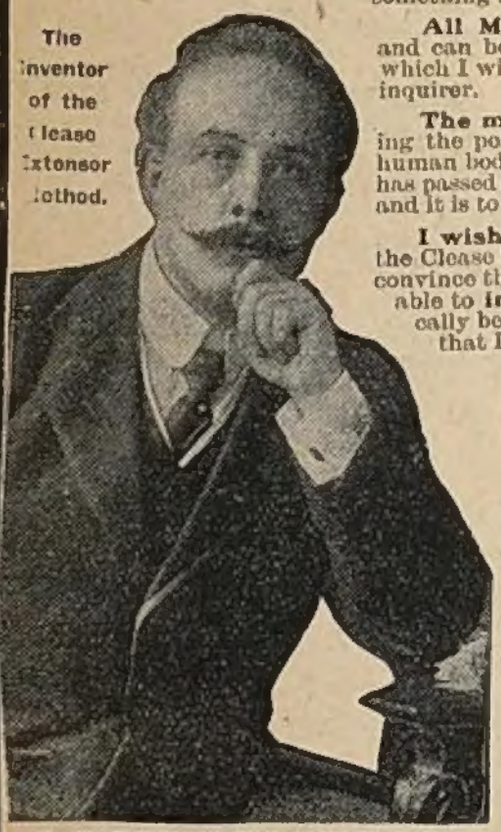

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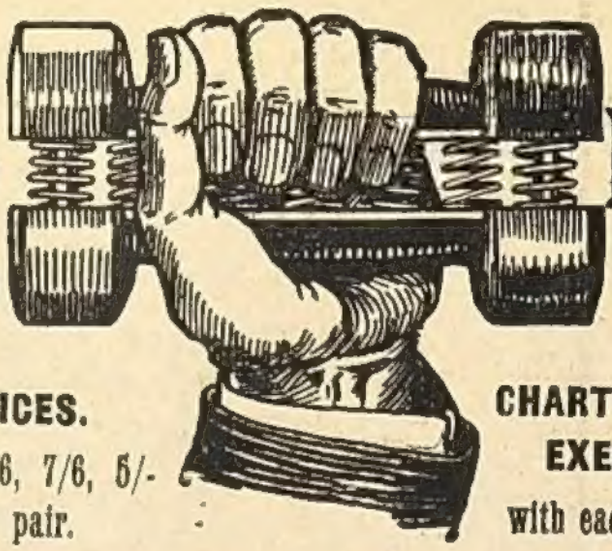

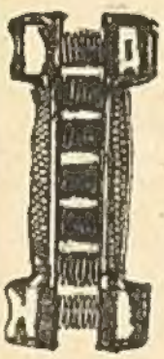

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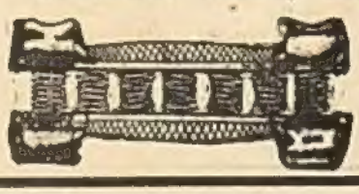

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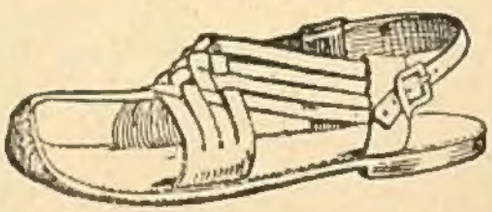

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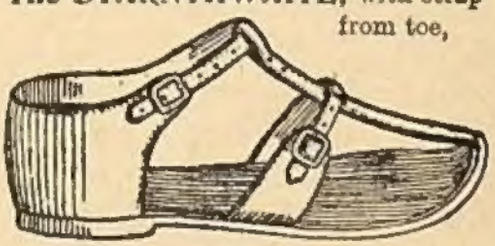

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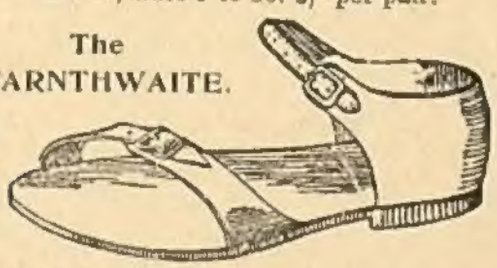

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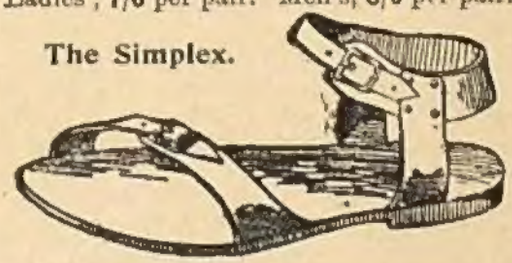

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVII. No. 7. AUGUST 16, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

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PHYSICAL CULTURE.

EDITOR: EUGEN SANDOW.

Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is a most agreeable and satisfactory sign of the times that the daily Press of this country is daily devoting more space to questions hygienic. Our prominent dailies possess such a powerful formative influence on the national character that one might reasonably wish to see less space devoted to the sensationalism of police courts and the unhealthy reading that emanates from that particular Court of Justice which deals with unsavoury matrimonial disagreements. That the trend of modern journalism is in this direction is apparent from the number of sound articles dealing with subjects of individual and general health that have lately appeared in such well known journals as the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Daily News*.

———

I AM also glad to see that eminent and influential organ, the *Daily Telegraph*, taking up the question of street noises, to which I drew attention in a recent issue. It has opened its columns to a most interesting discussion on the subject, the outcome of which will be, I trust, some strong repellant legislation to grapple with the nuisance. But this is not the only modern grievance dealt with by the *Telegraph*, for in the same journal are running concurrently two other epistolary discussions, one on the subject of insufficient sleep and the other on modern squeamishness. The fact that three such debates should be going on at the same time in so influential a journal is an interesting sidelight on the awakening of intelligence on matters much more vital than the latest winner or the last aristocratic scandal.

———

MANY of my readers will, I am sure, be interested in this explanation, given by a distinguished medical man, of the way in which sleeplessness, or want of sufficient sleep, lays the body open to

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attacks of illness. The reason is this: In the blood are phagocytes, who are our faithful and—provided we treat them with consideration—ever watchful guardians. Round and round they career in arteries and veins, always on the look out for harmful germs, and once one is discovered a desperate battle ensues, the phagocyte bravely striving to absorb the alien. Should the germ prove the stronger, his victory may not be for long, for he is soon discovered, and once more pounced on. Upon the final result of the encounters depends whether we enjoy health or fall a victim to sickness. If we rob ourselves of sleep it is these friendly phagocytes who are almost the first to suffer, for they lose strength and rapidly diminish in number, and, like an army deprived of its commissariat, are unable to make satisfactory response when the call is made. With the aid of a microscope the progress of these fierce battles has been watched in the almost transparent web of a frog's foot.

———

THE fact of the matter is that we live in a restless age, which automatically begets a spirit of restlessness. There is a morbid craving for cerebral excitement after business hours that is more injurious to the nervous system than the cares and worries of business itself. There is an almost insatiable desire for amusement in the evening, and if a man does not get away from his office till late he does not take the time off his recreation, but foolishly, almost recklessly, takes it off his sleep, often postponing the time of going to bed till the early hours of the morning. The consequence cannot but be injurious, for a feeling of fatigue on getting up in the morning is always indicative that there is something wrong. If there was less rushing about for amusements and more evenings spent at home, we would hear less about shattered nerves.

———

IT is always a somewhat dangerous thing to write of the weather of this country in advance. The heat at the moment of writing is almost insufferable, though by the time these notes appear in print it is impossible to say what changes may have taken place. I should, however, like to see our great newspapers at the beginning of every holiday season publishing a series of practical articles telling people how to act—what to eat, what they should wear, what they should drink, and such like—in summer weather. If they gave the assistance of their immense circulation to this good work, I venture to say that the "butcher's bill" of the holiday season would be very considerably reduced. Sheer ignorance of these matters is responsible every summer for many of the illnesses and deaths which invariably characterise the summer season, especially at times like the present, when the thermometer registers 82 in the shade.

———

THE man at such a time who continues to wear the conventional garb of commercial life is courting illness. In hot weather, too, the diet ought to be considerably reduced in quantity and carefully selected. Very little meat or heat producing foods should be consumed, but the summer dining table should always carry a load of nice, cool vegetables and fruits. Meat, in many instances, should be completely eschewed in warm weather, and a vegetable and fruit diet take its place. And, above all things, iced drinks should be absolutely avoided, their physiological effects being most serious and injurious. So, too, should the heavy English beers. I should certainly like to see "Hints for the Hot Weather" a stereotyped summer feature of every journal with a big circulation, for the subject is one on which the average townsman woefully requires advice.

Eugen Sandow

Princes' Swimming Lessons.

PRINCE EDWARD and Prince Albert of Wales have completed a further course of swimming lessons at the Bath Club, of which they are junior members. The Princess of Wales, who recently witnessed their practice, expressed her pleasure at the progress they had made.

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"THE MIGHTY ATOM."

Mr. Luis Hardt is one of the number of "good little 'uns," who have taken to the boards as professional men. His development, as can be seen from the accompanying photo and

LUIS HARDT.

that on the cover of this number, is very handsome and well balanced. He is known to fame as "the mighty atom" because of his immense strength in comparison with his bulk and stature. Mr. Hardt is a conscientious worker, and exercises daily. He does not believe in alcoholic liquors, but enjoys a good smoke when indulged in, of course, in due moderation.

GIANTS IN GRIPS.

Thrilling Description of a Wrestling Display.

[One of the most exciting descriptions of a wrestling match that ever appeared in print is the following extract from a well known novel entitled "THAT FRENCHMAN." The latter part of the description refers to a struggle for an important document relating to a plot against the King, in which Maurice de Verney, "the masked man," believes his opponent, Auguste Lieber, a famous German professional wrestler, to be the chief conspirator.]

THE crowd is now buzzing also with suppressed impatience. As a sop to them, several professional wrestlers struggle for their plaudits and, though men of magnificent muscle, who would be favourites were it not for the mighty one of whom they are but the heralds, are looked on with indifference, almost contempt. Les deux Marseilles, *aine* and *jeune*, contest with Lebœuf and the negro from Hayti, James le Noir—whom Mr. Higgins, from Boston, who has just entered with his American friends, irreverently calls "Black Jemmy"—and hardly gain a plaudit during their bouts, save a few at the end, to show them the crowd is glad they are finished. All this time the boxes are filling up with gay parties, who have deserted the theatres and operas, and even abbreviated their dinners.

But now, the last of these preliminary contests being finished, a great sigh of relief goes up all over the place, from this mass of bottled-up excitement and hermetically sealed passion. Then the crowd become silent as death.

A gentleman in evening dress steps to the middle of the arena, and says, in ringing tones: "L'Homme Masqué!"

A moment after he comes in.

Stepping lightly to the centre of the ring, he salutes the audience gracefully, and, save one grand sigh of recognition, they are still silent, devouring him with their eyes.

This is a pause that no one but an American girl would break. Miss Sallie leans back to young Higgins, and whispers with a tone of disappointment: "I thought you said he wrestled in tights!"

"So he does!"

"Then I wish he'd take off his coat. I'd like to size him up."

For his face is the only part of him visible for the present; and the upper part of that is covered with a black mask, under which the eyes flash brilliantly as he turns his head, as if seeking for some one. Below that, he is completely draped by a long dark cloak, reaching nearly to his feet.

A second after this, the master of ceremonies announces that Le Prince Dimitri Menchikoff will meet *L'homme Masqué!*

This creates no astonishment, as Monsieur Dimitri has for several weeks been bragging to his intimates at clubs and cafés of his intentions, though it seems to affect the mask. He gives a start, as if he had forgotten something. A moment after, he turns with easy grace to his opponent, and bows to him as he comes in—perhaps in admiration; for Dimitri Menchikoff, half Cossack, half Tartar, is a very beautiful specimen of the physical bull, as he strides into the arena.

His figure permits no doubt of his giant strength. He weighs, perhaps, two hundred pounds; his face has intellect, without balance; his weakest point, if he has activity, is the arrogant bearing which he displays, showing that, if thwarted long in any desire of his heart rage will take possession of him; and a cool head to plan, as well as an agile body to execute, is necessary for this greatest of all physical contests, when played by masters of its arts and stratagems—Græco-Roman wrestling.

All this is easily apparent, as he is in the costume of the arena, and his great, burly body, nude from the waist up, is a mass of huge red muscles, that have power enough to fell an ox, as well as man, properly directed.

This immensity of brawn has its effect upon the crowd; and there is some admiration in them as they look at his points of wind and limb, and gaze at the handsome, haughty, wicked Eastern face that crowns his strong and bullish neck. Besides, they are delighted at a new face; the masked wrestler having downed all the professional athletes of that epoch, like so many nine-pins.

The judge takes his position and gives the signal.

As he does so, a great, prolonged, and mighty "A—a—ah!" comes from the assembly as from one throat. It is a cry of admiration from the men, a gasp of rapture from the women. *L'homme Masqué* has, with one graceful movement, thrown aside his cloak, and, in all his matchless manly symmetry and beauty, this, their god of the arena, now stands unveiled before their longing eyes!

At the first glance, the critic might think that, in his making, power has been sacrificed to activity; at the second, he would know that it is only concealed by it.

The athlete's head is firmly, yet lightly, placed upon a neck so easy in its motion, that the wondrous strength of its firm column is veiled by its own graces. His hands are small, but both fingers and wrists show marvellous gripping power; his arms are of unusual reach and leverage. His feet, clothed in rubber sandals, have that light yet clinging step seen only in animals that bound upon their prey. His legs—in pearl-silk tights so delicate in texture that they glow with the colour of the gleaming flesh that strains beneath them—are agile as those of an Olympian runner. Black velvet trunks cover his hips and thighs, showing every grace of motion, and only partially concealing their enormous lifting power. Around his loins a knotted scarf of red secures these; above all this, gleaming flesh moulded like a sculptor's dream of perfect manhood; for from his waist up he is nude, and each lithe muscle and each tough sinew of his magnificent torso can be seen to play and writhe and knot itself, in conscious power and easy motion, beneath a skin as soft and dazzling white as that of an infant before disease has left its first blemish upon the human frame. His bust and chest, magnificently developed and expanded, show a capacity for oxygen that gives him staying powers in times when wind is better than strength. This is how he looks to a man!

But to a woman!—this physical embodiment of all collected beauties in the sex she loves—this gleaming, glistening, moving, living counterpart of that power that makes her gentler nature trust and lean upon and worship—for the moment he looks like a deity.

And Louise, who loves strong men, mutters to herself, "Divine!" while Miss Sallie, of practical mind, murmurs, "Good Lord! What a wondrous animal!"

And so it is. Has it the heart, stamina, and head to win against more than one giant in a night? As if to test this question, this physical phenomenon is now in motion, easy, gliding, and powerful as that of a tiger that has lived his life untrammeled in the jungles of the East—as he circles round the Russian bull, who keeps facing him, with his head, bullock fashion, a little down.

Size and avoirdupois are all in favour of the latter. The Frenchman lacks nigh thirty pounds of the Russian's weight, and two or three inches of his stature. Apparently desirous of trying his relative activity, the masked man plays around his antagonist, till, finding he can avoid him with the ease a greyhound does a mastiff, to the astonishment of all he rather retreats from Dimitri; and, seeming to be wary of his bullish power, each time the other comes to grapple with him, throws his arms away and springs beyond his reach.

"Blowed if he ain't funking!" mutters Higgins in disgust; and, this idea getting into the heads of the Russian contingent also, one of them, a wild-eyed Tartar from the steppes, cries out: "Finish him up!"

Encouraged by this bad advice, Dimitri takes it, and, rushing forward, seizes the right arm of his masked antagonist near the wrist with both his brawny hands,

turning quickly to throw him over the shoulder.

Neither Cossack nor Tartar, no matter his strength, had ever been able to resist his power so applied; and, as he feels his antagonist leaving the ground, triumph comes to the Russian's eyes. But just at this moment something very curious happens to Dimitri: on his back, just over his kidney, there comes a short, sharp, terrible jab of the masked man's unengaged left hand; and this one wondrous little prod suddenly produces in the giant the weakness of a child.

This is a new and astounding experience for the Russian, who has not studied anatomy. He can't understand it; but can see the Frenchman's face, below the mask, has a sneer upon it. Enraged, he rushes at him once more, and locks his mighty arms about the scoffer's waist; but, ere he can exert his strength, the masked man throws his arms round his, and presses them to his side and upward, and he is once more powerless. Holding him, he tosses in Dimitri's face a mocking laugh, and throws him off, and mocks him as he stands.

Wild now with rage—for he hears an echo of this laugh among the crowd—the Russian flies foolishly to seize him in the same place again. This time his rush is met by the mask's right hand, held edgeways by his left, to give it power, which meets this rush, like a boxer's counter, straight on the Russian larynx. Adam's apple is a tender spot, even in the Tartar race. He staggers with pain; but, while he does so, there comes a gleam of hope to Dimitri, who, in distracted rage, gazes at this being who mocks his agility and avoids his strength. The Frenchman has carelessly turned his left shoulder toward him. If he can seize him by the back, in that fatal hold, lightness and science will be but naught. Fearing to lose this tempting chance, Dimitri throws himself with all his strength to grasp it. But as he grasps, almost within his arms, the Frenchman jumps behind him, and, as his rush carries him beyond, seizes his right arm, turns him half way round, grasps him from behind, and, aiding his own momentum with a bound that seems to shoot his victim from him, launches Dimitri upon mother earth with a thud that is heard even in the street! Whether his own rush made his fall the worse, or that the face of the fair child, set apart for sacrifice to this brutish giant, came into de Verney's mind, to make him her avenger and give his limbs more strength—perhaps the both combined to make the fall of Dimitri a crushing one. He strikes on his right shoulder, rolls over in the dust of the arena, and lies groaning with a broken collar bone.

De Verney's movement has been so rapid that this is all done in a flash. And now—the crowd stand staring at the mask and his victim.

For ten seconds, astounded silence!

Then a yell, that almost raises the roof, and frightens even the cab horses standing outside! The next moment flowers descending on the victor, in bunches, wreaths, bouquets, and single blossoms! for the women love him, while the men only admire.

During the wait between contests, the masked wrestler has resumed his cloak; and, muffled in its folds, has seated himself nearly opposite the entrance by which his adversary will come to him. His anxiety to see who it will be seems greater than that of the spectators; for he keeps his eye in one continuous, almost longing, look upon the place.

The master of ceremonies announces "Auguste Lieber, of Strasbourg, the man with the iron legs!"

This peculiar appellation is greeted by the spectators with a roar of laughter; and in it very few note the impatient joy with which the mask throws off his cloak and rises, as if the moment had come for which he was eager.

The laughter suddenly changes to a murmur of admiration; for the giant coming in gives them all a thrill.

His burly legs, cased in black tights, well merit their appellation. Above his belt there is nothing to hide the view of his stout, grandly muscled body and sinewy arms, save the long, black hair with which they are covered, making him more bear than man, and giving to the contest about to begin a curious and weird intensity; for it is like the combat of some fair youth against an ogre or a monster—some Theseus contending with a Periphetes.

The Alsacian holds out his hand, after the manner of professional wrestlers, to give his opponent greeting. The masked man clasps it; and then the two, with wary eyes, move around each other, seeking for a hold.

Impatiently Lieber tries the neck; and though the white flesh reddens under his sounding pats, as he grasps the lithe column, it always wriggles from him; but de Verney, curiously enough, always seeks to grasp his adversary's waist, and over and round this his hands linger, as if searching for some hidden thing.

Doing so, he takes some awful chances

THE WRESTLERS.

After the famous marble by the son of Praxiteles, the great Greek Sculptor.

and once, the quick, strong animal he is pawing over slips behind and seizes him with a hold that would be fatal, did not

Maurice give him no time to tighten his muscles; but, seizing like lightning his encircling arms, pushes them down, so that Lieber has no power with which to lift and throw him. Thus, struggling and writhing together, they fall to the ground, Auguste above.

With triumph in his eye, he seizes the Frenchman's neck, to wring it or to turn him over, so that both shoulders and a hip may rest upon the earth, and he may win; but at this moment, as he straddles him to roll him on his back, there comes one wild, exultant shriek from the crowd!

For de Verney, noting the proper instant, has risen upon his knees, and, with the mighty power of his wondrous hips and loins, thrown the Alsacian clean over his head.

Quick as a flash Maurice is on him; but quicker yet, the trained wrestler of many bouts forms, even while in the air, a bridge; and, setting the great muscles of his neck, keeps his shoulders off the ground. So round the waist de Verney with his hands searches, pretending to struggle, but each time examining for that hidden paper. And in one of these panting pauses, as Lieber discovers that inexorable hand stealing about him, investigating for something—not trying for a fall—but making a search, the Alsacian guesses. And with that guess a shiver runs through his frame, and for a moment de Verney could make a victory. But now he knows he cannot find and steal this paper during the struggle itself; and that, to win what he desires, he must not only throw his man, but throw him INSENSIBLE!

As this comes to him, he gives Lieber a chance to escape. In a moment the Alsacian springs from under him; and the two, glaring at each other again, stand up. But at this moment Maurice makes an experiment. He suddenly reaches down, as if to grasp his opponent's feet. At this motion Auguste gives a little gasp, that tells de Verney that under Lieber's foot the paper upon which their fates depend is hid.

Knowing the fearful nature of the stake, Lieber might now wish to avoid the struggle; but curiously enough he only fights more fiercely; for like a wild flash has gone through the Alsacian's brain: "This masked man guesses our secret! *I must disable him to-night, that to-morrow's work may be done in safety!*"

Thus struggling, panting, their eyes half standing from their heads, their bodies covered with dust and sweat, their breaths coming in the short gasps of intense exertion, these men writhe, locked in each other's arms, about the arena; sometimes the lightning activity of one, sometimes the mighty muscle of the other, giving him the vantage. Till for very want of breath they break away, and stand eyeing each other like wild beasts.

But in this pause de Verney has time to reason. Apparently he makes a single careless motion, and Lieber, seeing a sudden chance such as wrestlers love, like lightning springs; but when Maurice tries to step behind him, as he jumps to catch him round the waist, this veteran of the arena is too wary, and seizes the right arm of the mask in his too brawny hands; then turning, would throw him over his head; but Maurice, as he goes, catches him by the neck with his left hand, and side by side they topple into the dust of the arena. Then comes a struggle such as the Arenes never saw before; for these men, unknown to all that wondering crowd, are battling like tigers—not for glory, but for the fate of a conspiracy.

By a quick movement de Verney gets on top. Then, in spite of him, Lieber fights his way to his hands and knees; and so they lie, panting, one upon the other. A moment thus, until they struggle into the position that favours Maurice's movement. The instant comes, and like a flash de Verney turns his face to Auguste's feet; and, catching him round the waist, staggers up, holding his burly body in his arms, and evading one last desperate clutch that would be foul—for Lieber cares now only for personal safety—like lightning gets into a pose that makes him a human catapult; then, bending his superb muscles like a bow, he dashes from him head downward, half against the arena, half against its railing, the big Alsacian, who, as he strikes the timbers, utters one cry of horror, and is senseless as the ground on which he lies!

FASHIONS IN FIGHTING.

The New Style of Boxing and the Old.

MR. JACK O'BRIEN, or as he is known to his familiar friends, "Philly" O'Brien, is the finest expert of the new school of boxers, whose methods are of a "hit and get away quickly" sort.

Hit and get away quickly (writes our American correspondent) is the fashion of the hour in boxing. It is no longer good form to stand front to front with the enemy and exchange wallops with him until one or the other hitter drops to the floor. That sort of thing is deuced bad form. It isn't done.

Perhaps some cheerful critic protests that there is no such thing as fashion in boxing. Isn't there, though? Learn, dear sir, that the manly art of self-defence is as much governed by modes and fads as is the art of dressing, of play building, or of writing the six best sellers. All the lesser fighters—the minor, twinling pugs who dream that they, too, may become some day bright, glorious stars in the sky of pugilism—take their place from the champion of the day, the Big Fellow, whom no one in the world can stretch upon the canvas clad floor of the arena.

The champion at this moment, the Petronius Arbiter of Fistiana, happens to be Mr. Joseph F. A. Hagan, whose name is inscribed in the Hall of Fame as Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. He, more than any other man now in the ring, believes in jabbing, jolting, jarring the enemy with a long, swift, far-darting left arm and getting away without being hit in return. He leaps and bounds so far and fast about the ring that the irreverent call him Jumping Jack O'Brien.

If one is to judge by results, the hit-and-get-away mode is an excellent one. O'Brien, little more than a middle-weight, after six years of fighting, is not only champion of the world, but without having lost a tooth or suffered a single physical disability, though he has gone through hundreds of fierce battles. The proof of this particular pudding has been pretty good eating for Philadelphia Jack. He has earned £5000 in the last nine

PERIPATETIC STRONG MAN: "*Call 'emselves sports, do they? Offered me a cup o' coffee and a piece o' spotted dick after lifting 500 lbs.*"

months. To one who knows that the fighting game is no more hurtful than football, it is amusing to observe the flux and reflux of the tide of fashion in boxing. Up to times within the memory of men still active it was the unwritten law that pugilists should meet on the turf, each assume the attitude of a big letter K and peck at one another with the left fist. When one had weakened or dazed his enemy by this process he swung across his right fist (called, with soggy wit, The Auctioneer) and knocked the enemy down. No pug ever thought of proceeding otherwise than in this careful order.

John L. Sullivan changed all that. He was as great an innovater as Columbus. He was as full of energy as a forty-horse automobile and as disdainful of the enemy as a Zulu chief. John darted upon his victim like an irresistible battleship hurling broadsides. There was no more pecking with the left fist. John swung right and left indifferently. The fists of John landed like cannon balls or his forearms struck like flails. Champion Paddy Ryan, after his first fight with Sullivan, upon coming out of his trance, said: "I dreamt some one chopped down a telegraph pole and it fell across my neck."

Enough said. Every pug tried forthwith to be a Sullivan. Knockout punching became the fashion—also broken fists and forearms from carelessly hitting ring-posts or the top of the foeman's hard head.

Jim Corbett inaugurated a reign of swift, fancy hitting, the mighty swings of Sullivan foreshortened into dainty, vicious little hooks that puzzled the victim and dazed him. The disadvantage of this style lay in the fact that the weight of the hitter's body rarely went with the blow, so that the road to victory was long and tedious. But the style was brilliant and very fashionable.

Bob Fitzsimmons swept these refinements and prettiness into oblivion with his smash on the solar plexus. For years that crashing shot of his at Carson City reverberated around the world. No fashionable pug would condescend to finish his man with anything but a solar plexus wallop.

Jim Jefferies had to beat the solar plexus game, so he invented the crouch. He drew back his body in a distant arch, snugged down his head between his shoulders to keep blows off his jaws and waded into old Fitz. with long left hooks. If Sullivan was a battleship Jeff was a fort. He won. Look in at *Wonderland* any Saturday night and observe the myriads of boxers to-day who wear the Jefferies crouch.

But the spring styles are here, boys, and designer Jack O'Brien is all for the lightning jab and the swift retreat. Does it pay? Well, it put the young giant Al Kauffman out of business. He stood 6 feet 1 inch, was quick and plucky and weighed 192 pounds to O'Brien's 162. He had hailed him as the coming champion. Yet he fell helpless after seventeen rounds in which he had been unable to hurt O'Brien.

And then the old invincible Cornishman himself was destroyed. Fitzsimmons, the most cunning of all the ring generals, with fists like rock crushers, was unable to hit O'Brien. Jack mercilessly jabbed away Bob's vitality until the old boy collapsed. Twelve times he fell to the floor, unable to hit the laughing, mocking shadow that flitted from corner to corner, halting only long enough to sting him with a punch.

With the championship in his hands—for there is none to dispute it except Jefferies, retired—O'Brien's style is finding imitators all over the country. It is the mode and will remain the mode as long as Petronius Arbiter Philadelphia Jack remains at the head of the procession.

Seaside Bathing Dull.

IT is a pity that trouble is not taken to make sea bathing something more than a mere dip in the water. There is no reason why the appliances of the swimming bath should not be set up on the shore, particularly the water chute. To slide down a chute into the sea, on some kind of toboggan or raft, would be a much more pleasing way of entering the water than standing shivering on the steps of a bathing machine, wishing one had stayed at home. In most English seaside places there is not even a diving board from which one can be sure of getting at once into deep water. A row of machines, then a row of breakers, then an old man in a boat—that is sea-bathing in England. Herein rests, surely, one way of not inducing the English holiday-maker to stay in his own country.

FOUNDER OF FREE GYMNASTICS.

How Swedish Gymnastics had Their Origin.

INSPIRED by the successes of the Swedish athletes at the Olympic Games at Athens, there is an interesting character-sketch by Sally Högström, in *Varia*, of Pehr Henrik Ling, the founder of that system of gymnastics and physical culture which has gained for Sweden a world-wide reputation. Pehr Henrik Ling came of a good, tough old farmer's stock, and could trace his ancestry back to the end of the 15th century. A century or so later the family had become merged in the learned clerical class, and then took the name of Ling. Pehr was born at Ljunga Parsonage in Smaland on November 15th, 1776. The youngest of six children, he was left fatherless at the age of four, and a couple of years later was motherless also. But shortly before her death, his mother had given him a good and wise stepfather in the person of the new vicar of the parish, to whom, in the dedication of one of his literary works—for Ling was poet and dramatist also—he expresses his indebtedness and gratitude.

From his mother he inherited an extreme sensitiveness, from his father a peculiar harshness. Other characteristics he had, of course; some self-acquired, others inborn—self-denial, a hasty, restless temperament, pride, perseverance, and an indomitable will. His stepfather wished to make a parson of him. This was against his will, and the headstrong youth not wishing to kill himself by direct act, but hoping to contract some illness which would result in his death, went out one bitterly cold night very thinly clad for a long walk. He only caught a cold in the head, and this, it seems, induced his first reflections on the human body and its powers of endurance. Symptoms of paralysis—the result of a severe cold—which revealed themselves later on in his right arm, led his thoughts to curative gymnastics and to fencing, in which art he soon became a master, far excelling his Copenhagen teacher, Nachtegall. He conquered the incipient paralysis, and acquired for himself arms of steel with the flexibility of a spring.

As the originator of his gymnastic system he had the whole medical phalanx against him, as well as the prejudice of the people, who had so far found themselves able to live and die without any such capers. Fanatic, madman, charlatan, acrobat, were common terms for the man now known and honoured in other lands as well as his own. He laughed and kept on his way, encouraged by his own calm convictions as well as by the fact that he had the young on his side and was their idol. To the last he kept a youthful temperament, which endeared him to them the more.

As poet and dramatist, it may be said of Ling that he revealed in his writings a sincere, ardent, and lofty purpose which inspired other and abler pens as well as chisels, and thus brought into being masterpieces of poetry and sculpture which otherwise the world might never have seen. His own aim, after all, was by word and work to teach his fellow-creatures how to so perfect the human body that it should truly serve its mission as the splendidly worthy instrument of the soul. And in poetry he longed to do for the North of the future what Homer did for the Greece of old. He dreamed of an epic of Northern nature, myth, saga, and song which should inspire the future patriot, poet, painter, and sculptor. Before his death, which took place on Easter Sunday, 1839, he had won honours and medals and renown, but he was no lover of such glories, shunning ostentation and praise, and finding his reward in the success of his work.

The Heart.

THE heart sends 800 quarts of blood through the lungs every hour, or about 20,000 quarts daily.

ARTICLETTES.

School of Culture.

THE School of Culture—mental as well as physical—is the latest instance of feminine enterprise.

"Culture, London," is the telegraphic address of the new academy of brains and beauty, which has been established in Baker Street under the patronage of the Duchess of Wellington and a distinguished clientèle.

The official opening of the school was performed in the Portman Rooms by Viscountess Massereene, when a gathering of Society ladies made the acquaintance of Miss Ella Christophersen, who, with Miss Marsland, is the responsible head of this educational institution.

Miss Christophersen has brought a new system of physical culture and scientific breathing from her native Norway, and with it a record of success. In attending to the physical side of the School of Culture, the Norwegian expert explained to a *Tribune* representative that she had a twofold purpose to serve:—

To secure health and strength by means of properly exercising and developing every muscle of the body.

To render the movements of the body graceful, and to assure an erect and easy carriage.

Penny Baths.

THE Leyton Council, whose public baths are without their superior in the suburbs, have adopted a plan which not only helps the school boys of their district to solve the problem of "What shall we do with our holidays?" but also serves a most valuable public purpose.

On every weekday, with the exception of Saturday, schoolboys are allowed the use of the second class swimming bath between the hours of 12 and 2 for the nominal fee of one penny, and the boys show their appreciation of the boon by turning up literally in hundreds. Every morning a long queue of boys forms up outside the pay office patiently waiting for 12 o'clock.

"It is really astonishing," said Mr. H. L. Stanley, the superintendent, to a *Daily News* reporter, "what a large number of boys and girls in this district have learned to swim during the past two or three years. Every week when the schools are open between 3000 and 4000 are brought to the baths in batches of fifty to a hundred, and I estimate that there are over 4000 children in the district who are really good swimmers, whilst there are some hundreds of others who can swim a few strokes."

There is, indeed, quite a rage for swimming amongst the juvenile population of Leyton, and it is largely accounted for by the remarkable proficiency attained by Mr. Stanley's own little daughters. His youngest daughter, Gracie, although only six years old, has already been awarded six medals for exhibition swimming, and his nine-year-old daughter has won nine medals, including the quarter-mile medal presented by the Schools Swimming Association.

Chemicals in Milk.

MOST of the large dairy companies are in favour of the Local Government Board's circular, summarised in the *Daily Mail*, advocating the stringent prosecution by local authorities of those using unnecessary milk preservatives.

The milk danger has again and again been exposed in the *Daily Mail*. Among the chemicals used may be named:—

Boracic acid.	Annatto.
Formalin.	Carrot juice.
Abrastol.	Tropœlin.
Carbonate of soda.	Fluorine.

Since 1900 there have been nineteen successful prosecutions for the use of formalin, nine in London; but a much smaller number of convictions has been obtained for the use of boric acid. The object of the Local Government Board is to induce all the local authorities to follow the example of the few.

"Preservatives are not necessary," said the manager of the Express Dairy Company to a *Daily Mail* representative, "for if the milk is fresh and well cooled no artificial aid is required to keep it sweet. We should be very glad to see the local authorities proceeding against every user of preservatives."

"We should also welcome a law with regard to colouring matter in milk," said the manager of another large company. "Preservatives," said another expert, "are mostly used by farmers who do not take sufficient trouble over the cooling of their milk, and the dairyman, to whom the loss of a gallon or so of milk that is turning sour is a serious matter, who puts in a little. It is the practice of some sellers to save up a little milk from each day's delivery (using preservatives) to ensure a supply for Sunday."

Progress in India.

A PHYSICAL culture class has been started in Pwisewalkam, a suburb of Madras, purely out of philanthropic motives, under the patronage of Sir V. C. Desikachariar, Bh., B.L. Already, although the club has only been opened about a month, twenty-five boys have joined it. The buildings being very commodious and airy, every facility is made for the students by the fitting of a large number of mirrors, washing tubs, stands, etc.

FAMOUS FEATS OF STRENGTH.

Royalty in a Strange Role.

[This interesting article from the pen of a well known teacher of physical culture describes some of the most remarkable feats of strength that have ever been performed. It will surprise many of our readers, doubtless, to learn that Royalty has not infrequently produced in its ranks men of extraordinary strength.

VENERATION and respect for great physical strength appears to have been born in man. We can never go back so far but we find evidence that a strong man was always a subject for admiration and envy. "The glory of young men is their strength" is an old saying—from a source that places its truth beyond question.

It is surprising how many Royal personages have been possessed of extraordinary physical strength. The late Czar of Russia is credited with some astonishing feats, and of course, we cannot doubt where Royalty is concerned. The late Emperor of Germany on several occasions amused himself and astonished his friends by tearing packs of cards in two, using the hands only.

IT IS SAID OF MILO OF CRETE, THAT HE TORE UP, BY THE ROOTS, A LIVING OAK.

Maurice, Count of Saxony, son of Augustus II., once made a corkscrew by twisting a long nail round his fingers in order to open the bottles at a luncheon party where the corkscrew had been forgotten.

To go further back, we find record of Milo, of Croton, winning six times in succession at the Olympic games. From what we can guess this must have been a splendid performance, and one never equalled. He carried the statue which commemorated his distinction upon his shoulders and set it up in its place.

We cannot help thinking that in all probability feats of strength are apt to become exaggerated during the course of repetition. This is so to some extent even in a single description of any particular feat. Then how much more so during the

course of several hundred years! Like snowballs these stories of strong men increase in size as they roll on.

Therefore, the statement that Milo ran a mile with an ox upon his shoulders, afterwards killing the animal with a blow of his fist *and eating the carcase in one day*, requires well masticating before digestion is possible. He is said to have had such power in his hands that with his fist clenched over a pomegranate and without injuring same in any way, he defied all human efforts to open his hand. This we can well believe. His strength, however, proved to be his undoing, for, in attempting to enlarge the opening in an oak tree, his hands became fastened therein and he was held prisoner. In this position he was assailed by wild beasts and torn to pieces.

Polydamas, of Thessalia, is said to have killed an enormous lion without weapons of any description. The claim put forward in his name of holding a chariot with one hand and resisting the efforts of powerful horses appears an exaggeration. If not, I can only say that we must have deteriorated to a frightful extent, for our strongest athletes never even dreamed of performing such feats as we read of.

The name of the Roman Emperor, Caius Julius Verus Maximinus, is handed down to us as being that of an Hercules, but his best feat, according to his historian, appears to have been the pugilistic one of knocking six men down without drawing breath!

When, however, we read that "as a recompense for abstinence he would eat 40 or 60 lbs. of meat in one day and drink an amphora of wine," we stop to ask what manner of men these were, and whether, after all, our historian is to be relied on.

Thomas Topham, a native of London, was born in 1710. As far as can be gathered, the records of Topham's surprising feats of strength are correct, and we must put him down as having been a marvellous man. At Derby in 1741, he lifted 1836 lbs. in the shape of three casks of water. The English magazines of the 18th century relate that he sometimes used to amuse himself by cracking cocoanuts in the hearing of those who were near him, as another might crack hazelnuts. He appears to have been not devoid of humour; it is said that one night, perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he carried both the man and the shell to a great distance, and finally deposited them on the wall of a churchyard! He could roll up pewter plates with his fingers, and crush quart pots between his hands like egg shells.

One day at a race meeting a man insisted on driving his horse and cart to the annoyance of, and risk of injury, to the bystanders. Topham seized hold of the back of the cart, and in spite of the infuriated man whipping his horse up, held the vehicle immovable—a story bearing some resemblance to that recorded of Polydamas. He is said to have carried his pony over a bridge to avoid paying toll, and lifted the beam of a house which six men could not carry.

Tom Johnson, an old pugilist, used to swing a sack of wheat weighing 14 or 16 stone round his head, even after a fatiguing contest in the ring.

One Salvius, of Rome, is credited with having walked up a ladder carrying 200 lbs. on his shoulders, 200 lbs. in his hands, and an additional 200 lbs. attached to his feet.

The Lord of Chasteigneraye once stopped a bull by seizing hold of the animal's horns with his hands.

Iccus goes one better than this, however, he being reported to have been able to tear the horns from a bull's head.

Polydamas, to whom reference was made in the commencement of this article, perished through over-confidence in his muscular powers. Whilst in a cave with several companions the roof commenced to fall in. His friends sought safety in flight; he, however, relying on his great strength, attempted to bear up the mass of earth which descended, but failing in this, was buried beneath it.

To the Roman Emperor, Caius Julius Verus Maximinus (at one time a herdsman) has been attributed some remarkable measurements, his height being registered as eight feet, whilst his wife's bracelet served him as a ring. He could squeeze to powder the hardest stone with his fingers, split up young trees with his hands, and break the jaw or leg of a

horse with a kick. This latter feat makes one think with regret what a valuable exponent our national game of "footer" has missed.

Athanatus is supposed to have traversed the circle of an arena at a rapid pace carrying 500 lbs. on his shoulders and 500 lbs. fastened to his feet.

Richard Joy, a Kentish strong man, could lift 2400 lbs., and snap a rope that had previously supported 35 cwt. His tombstone bears the following inscription :—

"Herculean hero, famed for strength
At last lies here, his breadth and length.
See how the mighty man is fallen
To death the strong and weak are all one ;
And the same judgment doth befall
Goliath great as David small."

A Scotsman (J. Strength) carried a 24-pounder cannon, and could lift a cart load of hay, weighing one-and-a-half tons, upon his back.

I quote from a newspaper of a year or two ago, an interesting account of an incident bearing on the subject with which I am dealing.

Sensational Feat performed by Mlle. Arniotis.

THE CZAR AND THE CONJUROR.

The late Czar of Russia was, until the illness which finally resulted in his death, one of the strongest men in Europe—it might almost be said in the world. He could, it was said, roll up a silver plate like a piece of paper, and could double up a rouble in his hand like cardboard.

One day a celebrated conjuror was performing before the Court at Moscow. He did many wonderful tricks, and amongst them performed some seemingly supernatural feats of legerdemain with a pack of cards.

When the performance was at an end and the necromancer was bowing his acknowledgments to the applause of the Court, Alexander stepped forward and said—

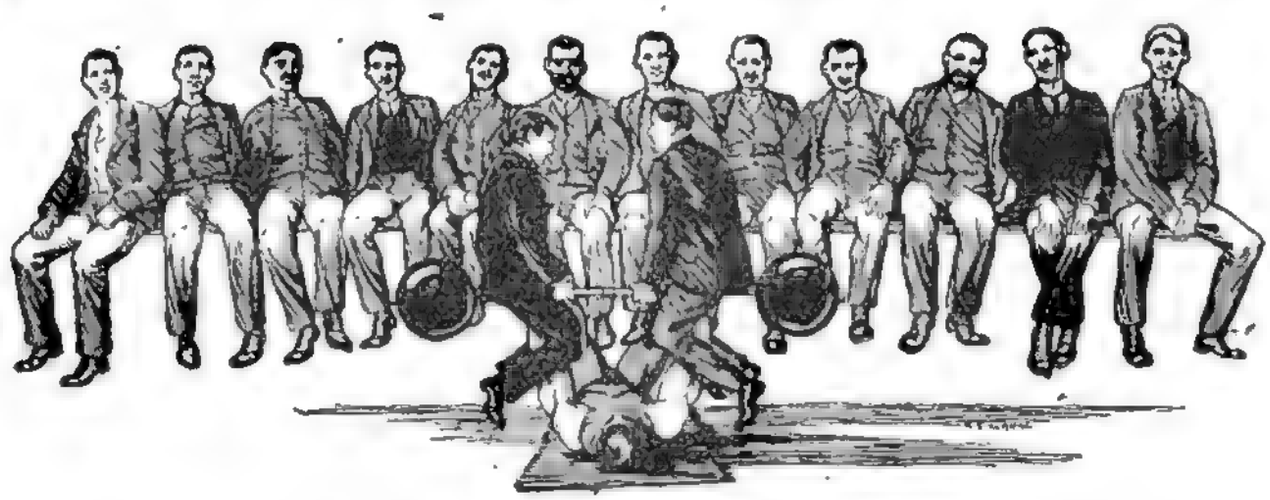
"I think, Monsieur —, that I can show you a card trick which you cannot do, with all your skill, or, for the matter of that, one which you will not be able to do, if I should give you twenty years in which to practise it."

"Of course, it is not for me to contradict your majesty," answered the conjuror, whose professional pride was nettled ; "but I confess I never yet saw a card trick which I could not learn to do as well as the man who showed it to me within twenty-four hours."

"Very well ; we shall see. I'll give you twenty-four years to learn this trick in," replied the imperial Hercules, and taking from a table a pack of cards which had not been out of the wrapper, he tore it right across, with apparently no effort at all ; then, putting one half on top of the other, he tore these also, so that, in reality, he tore the equivalent of two packs at once.

Jonathan Fowler, an American, lifted a shark weighing 500 lbs. on to his shoulders and waded with it through mud to the shore.

Coming down to latter day feats, I should like to mention the performance of Mlle. Arniotis, who appeared at the Alhambra in 1893. As the expression



One of Louis Cyr's Remarkable Feats.

"Chairman" is often applied to a lady who presides, the title "Strong Men's Feats" may, in like manner, be taken to cover the performances of Strong Women. Anyhow, I hope to be pardoned for referring to this Frenchwoman, who succeeded in lifting, with her teeth, a four legged table on which a man was seated in a chair; she also raised with her teeth a barrel by the rim, two ten-stone men being seated on the barrel; and with one hand raised a chair on which a man sat.

The Teaching of Hygiene in Schools.

NOBODY objects to the teaching of hygiene in schools. Then why is it not done? That is what we all want to know. However, it is coming. The President of the Board of Education has just been sounded on the matter, and has expressed himself very favourably on it. In reply to a memorial presented by a number of unofficial bodies interested in hygiene, he indicates that he is in cordial sympathy with the movement, and states that his Board have already shown their appreciation of the value of such teaching in elementary schools by themselves issuing a syllabus of instruction. The memorialists are also given to understand that some mention of the subject will be made in forthcoming codes, and that arrangements are being considered for imparting to ordinary teachers facilities for acquiring the knowledge which they in turn are to impart to their pupils. The opening last year of the Dunfermline College of Hygiene was a big step in the right direction, and a few more institutions established on the same lines and with the same object would be welcome accessories. What, however, is still to be desired, says the *County and Municipal Record*, is to see our Education Departments and School Boards showing a little more activity in the matter, and dealing with it directly themselves. Until this has come to pass no sanitarian will be satisfied.

Fooling the Doctors.

A REMARKABLE story comes from New York concerning the trial and sentence to death of Martin Tighe, nineteen years old, for the murder of his wife in 1901.

Tighe's lawyers, in 1901, successfully applied for a commission of lunacy. Tighe was reputed insane, and it was stated that "the symptoms disclosed could not be feigned unless the prisoner was one of the most remarkable actors who ever lived." The alienists told in detail how the eyes were dilated, the skin dry and hot, and the man in such a state of irritability that merely passing the finger nail across the skin left a red welt. Accordingly Tighe was sent away to an asylum. Recently a discharged prisoner informed the Public Prosecutor that Tighe used to tell his fellow prisoners how he "fooled" the doctors, and how he had refused to eat anything but honey and the insides of lemons, which created the symptoms noted by the physicians, how he had applied a certain liniment which caused a dryness and irritation of the skin, and so on.

On learning of this, the authorities re-arrested Tighe, with the above result. Tighe thus may be said to have literally talked himself to death.

What is a Gentleman.

AMONG the Persians at the time of Cyrus the boys were taught to ride, to speak the truth, and to draw the bow. That meant manliness, truthfulness, and courage, all essential to the character of a gentleman. The knights of chivalry, who were the gentlemen of their time, added the duty of rescuing the oppressed and distressed, and this completed the ideal by teaching unselfishness and service. If a boy is taught to be always self-respecting, courageous and truthful, and invariably considerate, not outwardly but as the expression of true kindliness of spirit, of the rights and feelings of others, he will grow up, whether he be rich or poor, a professional man or a labourer, to have the right to claim not by any artificial distinction but in his own right, with all that it implies, "the grand old name of gentleman."—*Washington Post.*

MENTAL WORK AND PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

By Dr. C. Stanford Read.

MENTAL work and physical exercise are two modes of the manifestation of vital energy which are very different in their form, but subject to the same physiological laws. The conditions of work are the same for the brain which *thinks* and for the muscle which *contracts*. In both of these organs, when their activity comes into play, we notice a definite increase in the supply of blood to the part and a greater production of heat. If we measure a limb which has just been performing violent exercise, we find that there is considerable increase in its size, from the increased quantity of blood supplied to it by the muscle vessels. Just in the same way the brain when at work becomes the seat of a more considerable flow of blood, and this fact is not based on mere theory, but has been experimentally seen and verified. Mental effort does make the head heavier, and this increase in weight gives the exact measure of the increase in blood supply. Another analogy between the work of muscle and brain is very striking: in both greater activity of function is accompanied by greater production of heat. By special means physiologically we can show that the temperature of a muscle rises when it contracts, for according to the law of the transmutability of force, movement cannot be produced without the expenditure of heat, and this can be measured and expressed definitely in so many units. In the case of the work of the brain, though it is not so easy to state the exact relation between energy expended and heat produced, yet at the same time it has been shown that mental exertion is, like muscular contraction, accompanied by a rise of the temperature of the working organ.

WASTE PRODUCTS OF THE BRAIN.

If we go still further, we can find that there are other points of resemblance between the results of intellectual work and those of physical exercise. Firstly, in the brain which thinks, just as in the muscle which contracts, the combustions being more active, there results a more active destruction of certain living material, in exactly the same way as a locomotive which goes faster must increase its consumption of coal. There is, then, a certain loss in the system as a result of mental work, as in the case of bodily exercise. Similarly the brain, after work, contains products of combustion, and these products are injurious to life, and must be discharged from the system, under pain of producing serious disturbances. Hence there are in the human body excretory organs charged with the cleansing of it, if we may use the expression of all these impurities.

EFFECT ON HEALTH.

Now, if the waste products of combustion are very considerable, as after intense work, it may happen that the excretory organs are insufficient, and that, therefore, these products accumulate in excessive quantity, and may thus profoundly disturb the vital functions of the body. There is no doubt whatever, that many forms of fatigue are due to such accumulation of waste products, and if fatigue continue for long periods, a chronic poisoning by these products will bring about the condition known as overwork. This result is seen in the case of excessive study, as well as in those who are observed to abuse bodily exercise, though the former is much less commonly seen. What these waste products are which result from brain work we do not exactly know, and even if their intimate composition were certain, it is doubtful if we should benefit much, for whatever they may be, the most important factor is their elimination. In any case, the singular resemblance between the disturbances of health which occur after excessive mental work and after overwork of the muscles authorises us to conclude that the causes are analogous.

Now, what is the practical outcome of all this? From what we have just noted we can gather valuable practicable information which should guide us in the training of those devoting themselves to physical culture. Of late years there has been a very great development in this department of hygiene, and it certainly has been a very laudable one, but much harm may arise unless this culture is physiologically understood and scientifically carried out. The individual temperament in all cases must be taken into account, and the curriculum of training adapted accordingly. As we have seen that mental effort produces in many ways such similar body changes as physical exercise, we can understand the absurdity of undertaking much physical exertion when there is mental fatigue present. Of course, muscular work will cause an increased blood supply to the limbs, and in that way tend to relieve overloaded brain vessels, which will be of benefit, but at the same time, if much persisted in, will cause more waste product in the blood stream, which is already surcharged, and thus much harm may arise. Moderation in muscular work under those circumstances must therefore be enjoined.

In much the same way great physical exertion should be avoided when the brain is restless through worry or grief, for then fatigue will be experienced all the sooner and to an increased extent. What exercises are performed, should involve nerve action as little as possible; that is, they should be simple—not so difficult of accomplishment as to require fine and accurate co-ordination of muscles. This question of tranquility is a point in training, the importance of which is recognised by all those who have had any practical knowledge of teaching the science of physical culture, and I am convinced that many pupils have recognised the truth of what I have said, without very likely knowing the reason why.

There are few spheres of life where the mental factor does not play an important part. In physical culture it does so preeminently, and all students of this subject will do well to devote strict attention to the mental side, when they are much more likely to avoid the dangers and pitfalls which otherwise might unconsciously affect them.

Position in Writing.

WHAT IS BEST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

SOME interesting points in connection with handwriting were put forward at a recent meeting of the Paris Society of Public Medicine by M. Desnoyers, says the *Lancet*.

M. Desnoyers is strongly in favour of the sloped style of writing, holding that the upright style is only practised by primitive peoples who have but little writing to do.

It has been noticed also that sufferers from writers' cramp generally employ the upright style. Two children were made to write before the meeting. They were stripped to the waist, and although they wrote in the sloping style they kept the upper part of their bodies perfectly straight.

M. Desnoyers wished that the authorities should instruct schoolmasters to train their scholars in writing so as to avoid the risks caused by the bad position of the scholar whilst writing.

M. Javal, who some years ago published a book dealing with the question, did not think that upright writing produced all the evils which were attributed to it. In his opinion it was quite natural that a child who began to learn to write by copying should make his first letters upright. Later, when he was anxious to write more rapidly, he began to slope his writing.

A Mayor's Care of Infants.

ABOUT 100 parents of babies born in the course of his mayoralty, and whose offspring have reached twelve months of age at Gatesgarth Lindlay have been entertained by his worship the Mayor of Huddersfield (Alderman B. Broadbent). The mayor and his assistants continue personally to weigh all the infants. Individual photographs as well as photographs in groups were taken. His worship has devoted considerable attention to the feeding and weight of Huddersfield babies during his mayoralty.

Misuse of Words.

THE complication and difficulty of modern life, and the consequent increased difficulty of school life, were touched upon by Lord Clifford, after presenting the prizes to Blundell's scholars at Tiverton.

Words which in their early days were simple, unassuming, and straightforward, as they grew in years became perverted, false, and complicated. Thus the word education, which originally meant to "draw out" had come in these days to mean a system of "cramming in"—and the word school, which originally signified leisure, had come to mean a period of the highest pressure. This change of words, he thought, pointed somewhat to a change which had come over the scholarship of the day.

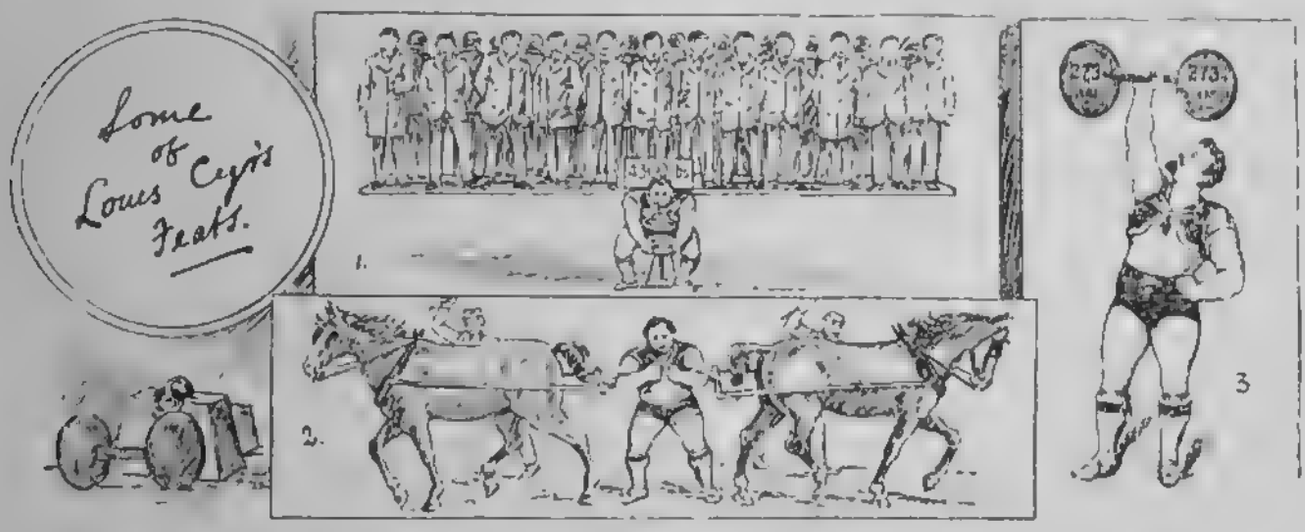
HARVESTING FOR A HOLIDAY.

An Ideal Change for the City Worker.

[*Why should the City worker not avail himself of his holidays to earn a few shillings at the healthy work of harvesting? Professor Long, the famous agricultural expert, asks the question in the* DAILY MAIL, *and presents a glowing picture that should seduce many tired and jaded City clerks from the mere promenade lounging and cigarette whiffing fortnight that usually represents their summer restspell. After reading the following article from Professor Long's able pen, healthy minded young men will doubtless realise that there is a better method of enjoying themselves.* THE EDITOR.]

I DO not propose to imply that every shop assistant or City clerk is competent to assist in the harvest field; in some cases the physique is defective, in others there is a want of that grit which helps a man to fall quickly into line with others; again, there is sometimes a want of adaptability to circumstances. But when all this has been said, there are plenty of smart, strong fellows who might, if they chose to make the effort, spend a month in the harvest field instead of two or three odd days at Margate or Brighton, and at the same time earn sufficient to cover the expenses of a month in the country with their wives and children.

There is a multitude of men whose earnings vary from 30s. to 40s. a week who, having secured a job and provided themselves with cash sufficient to cover their railway fare, might rent a cottage in a country village in Sussex or Berkshire, or either of the other agricultural counties adjacent to the metropolis. Surrey and the north of Kent are more or less residential and unsuitable. In Essex and Herts the wages are low; but even here there are large farmers who are glad of help and willing to pay liberally for intelligent labour. What could be more enjoyable than a month near the Sussex Downs, with their exhilarating atmosphere and a breath of the adjacent sea? There are clean, snug, and comfortable cottages in many a village, the occupants of which would be glad to cater for such visitors and to listen to their stories of town life with its successes and failures.



BENEFITS FOR THE VISITOR.

Nor could the visitors themselves fail to learn something in return—something about the trees, and the birds which sing merrily while perched on their branches, the wild flowers of the fields and the hedgerows, the cultivated flowers of the garden, and the live stock of the farm. But there is something more. The country provides its visitors with sweet, fresh milk and cream, with delicious

primrose-coloured butter and eggs, which have not crossed the Channel. The cottager's wife may possibly add home-made bread to the menu, and a variety of fresh gathered fruits and vegetables.

How can this picture be realised? What is the work to be performed, and what is the pay? The former, if arduous, is simple; the latter, if not tempting, is worthy of attention, for if the work is regarded as a change in the form of labour, or as relaxation, it will enable those who attempt it to enjoy a delightful month with those they love and protect, and to earn sufficient to enable them to cover the cost.

Harvest work varies in character. There is the man who drives the self-binder, or the older fashioned reaper, and the boy who rides upon the back of the foremost horse. The position of the man can scarcely be occupied by a townsman, for both practice and skill are needed. Where the reaper is used the corn has to be tied into sheaves, an operation which is learned in a few minutes, while a day's practice would enable any smart fellow to equal the best of practitioners in speed. The sheaves tied, the corn is set up into stooks or shocks—a matter so simple that it might almost be performed by a blind man. When ready for carting, the next duty is to pitch and to load, and here muscle will tell; but the average townsman should be equal to physical labour of this kind, although a day's pitching—in other words, lifting the sheaves on to the waggons or carts with a fork—is certain to be followed by uncomfortable stiffness in the hitherto unused muscles. But what pride would be exhibited after a few weeks' practice, with enlarged biceps, arms as hard as steel, and a constitution invigorated by the exercise involved, the pure air breathed, and the simple fare of the table; and how bronzed the face and healthy the appearance!

THE HARVEST HOME.

As the waggons are loaded with corn, they are led to the stacks upon which the sheaves are pitched in the process of building. Here, too, there is something to learn, and still more as the ricks are completed and the process of thatching commences. Alas! we have too few thatchers; as the older and more skilled hands die off their places are not taken by younger men, and yet thatching is a well paid form of labour, and, if demanding some skill, it is one of those things which can be learned with consummate ease by the intelligent and the industrious.

A day's work in the harvest field sharpens the appetite, improves the digestion, and winds up with the sleep of the just. And then there is the conclusion of the month—the Harvest Home with the bucolic songs of the natives, who seldom unbend away from the village inn, and who for some occult reason are in possession of ditties which seem to pass from generation to generation without finding their way to the ears of the townsman or even into print.

If I am asked what among the duties referred to are possible in the case of the shopman or the clerk, my reply is—Those of the general harvest hand: tying the sheaves, setting up the corn, pitching, loading and unloading. And yet we must not forget that rain occasionally supervenes, and that work in the corn field and at the rick stands still—and what then? The farmer can always find work for busy hands to do. Except during actual showers there is the hoeing of the turnip, the mangold, and the potato, the carting and spreading of manure on land intended for another season's crop, the fallows and the clover leys. Hoeing is perhaps the simplest of all operations; it means the killing of weeds which impede the growth of the plants I have named. It is not an over-interesting job, but what it lacks in this direction is made up in its simplicity. But the farmer will expect the hoer to cover a fair sized piece of ground in a day; the workman must therefore be prepared to stick to it and to earn his money.

A PROFITABLE EXPERIMENT.

If he is set to assist in the exhilarating process of carting manure in an atmosphere charged with ammonia he will still have to use his muscles; the carts have to be filled from the heap, they are led away to a distant field by lads, and are emptied in heaps, while the manure is spread broadcast by the aid of other muscles—

those, perhaps, well trained to the work. It may be, however, that the rain prevents even this form of labour being attempted; the men are therefore set to clear up barns and granaries, to oil waggon wheels, to clean implements and machines, to polish harness in the stables, and generally to furbish up the tackle of the farm, which the auctioneer usually describes as dead stock.

And after all, the novelty of the work, the knowledge that it means health and strength, the acquisition of new facts—all make the experiment a happy one. How much better than lounging on the beach amid the gaudily dressed crowds of people who run down to the sea on a hot summer's day, and who try to kill time by doing nothing which adds to their interest, their knowledge, or their enjoyment.

But we have not yet reached the question of pay. "How much am I to receive for all this labour?" asks the querist. The highest average rate of pay for the harvest month to the farm labourer in the eastern counties of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Hunts is £7 5s., and this figure is based upon actual returns. In the Midland counties the average is £5 13s., and in the south of England £5. But we must not forget that the regular hand obtains, in addition to these sums, in most cases, especially where the lower figures apply, his cottage and other perquisites, while outside hands who are attracted to the task seldom obtain less than £6 for the four weeks.

And then there is the question of beer, which is consumed wholesale, and in place of which the townsman would be wise to take cash and to provide himself with something more substantial and less stimulating and exciting. I would warn such people that the benefit to be derived from a month in the harvest field may be more than destroyed or neutralised by the adoption of the practice of the regular men in this particular. Harvest beer should be avoided like poison, and I speak as one who has tried every expedient to exclude alcoholic drinks, and thus to render the men a service the value of which they seldom appreciate.

JAMES LONG.

Hill Climbing.

By Edward M. Saxon.

NOWADAYS, when outdoor games are so popular, when so many play them, and so many more assemble to watch them, there are some branches of sport which are apt to be neglected or overlooked.

Hill climbing, for instance, though pictures of its sensational aspects in the illustrated papers do attract a passing interest, is, on the whole, the recreation of a few. Yet it is an outdoor sport which can boast a wonderful diversity of attraction. The giants of the earth, the Himalayas, the Andes, the Rockies, and the Alps, are denied to the majority of us, but there are innumerable hills of more modest altitude within our reach which afford most of the characteristic pleasures of the game.

In Scotland, particularly, the largest towns are so situated that the city man may, within a few hours, pass from where "the long street roars," to the silence of the hills. It is not everybody who has the nerve for rock scaling, and to these the thrilling joys of "mountaineering" proper are denied, but the climbing to which I refer is a recreation open to all, and worthy of the enthusiasm of all.

While you play football, or any other game of that class, or watch others play, your attention is concentrated, or your energies are monopolised by the struggle, but, as you stride up a brae, or swing down it, your thoughts may wander anywhere. The solitude of the hills, shared perhaps by a congenial companion, fosters reflection, so that mind and body develop together.

What better breathing exercise can there be than the ascent of a steep hillside, if the climber does not pause to rest too often? It is a thorough enjoyment to feel your lungs working hard and regularly taking deep draughts of the keen fresh air that has come over hill and dale from the sea that glints in a silver band on the horizon. When the climber is in training, the rolling ground seems to slip behind as though he walked in magic boots; the swelling shoulders of the hill that look so like the summit, and sicken the heart of the slacker and

the unfit with hope deferred, serve only to brace him to fresh efforts, to put him on his mettle. The wind ruffles his hatless hair, and cools his bare knees; his big boots swish in the rough grass and heather; his muscles feel fit to carry him anywhere. He experiences an exhilaration, mental and physical, which the man in the valley could hardly understand.

When, after a tramp in the wind and sun up and down braes, across burns and bogs, he sits down in the lee of a cairn and pulls some thick sandwiches out of his pocket for lunch, he knows, better than any epicure, the value of the sauce of hunger. In the burns, rising icy cold and crystal clear from mossy springs, sparkles a drink that might serve to quench the thirst of gods, and gods might bathe in the cool sunlit pools that stand here and there where the burn lingers beside some great boulder.

There is something very satisfactory in the pleasant fatigue which comes upon one at the end of a day's hill tramping. The walker feels that he has done something worth doing, and has wholesomely exerted himself. He feels himself saturated with sunshine and strong fresh air, and as healthy as the hills themselves. Robert Louis Stevenson sums up the sensation, in his own inimitable way, in his essay on "Walking Tours." "Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure."

This is an outdoor sport, too, the enjoyment of which is not entirely dependent upon season or weather. In all but the worst weather the healthy man can find a bracing pleasure on the hills. The rain that lashes in his face, the stinging sleet and whistling wind, give an additional zest to his recreation, and the mere recollection of his hours of struggle with them is like a tonic for mind and body.

And finally, the man whose muscles are strengthened and tempered by hard walking uphill and downhill, over heather and turf and rocks, finds a new and unexpected pleasure in walking on the level, so that his daily half mile to and from the office becomes something to which he looks forward as small but genuine enjoyment.

Swimming in London.

Tooting's Magnificent Open Air Swimming Bath.

THE new open air swimming bath has come as a boon and a blessing to the youngsters of South London. It is certain as fate, says a writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, that the instinct towards healthiness and cleanliness is as much the heritage of the poor as of the well-to-do. No slum child wants to be dirty—except, of course, when engaged in the legitimate and wholly satisfactory joy of making mud pies in the gutter. Your London boy has in him the possibilities of great citizenship, though they are too often latent through lack of opportunities. Give him a handy racing track, and he will become a sprinter or a long-distance runner; a gymnasium, and his muscles begin to bunch and his appetite increase; a swimming bath, and he is consumed by a desire to swim its length in faster time than Bill Jones from next door.

One can hardly over estimate the value to the rising generation of the Tooting bath. It is unique in London. Surrounded by huge earth banks—which one hopes to see covered with grass soon—there are all the essentials of strict privacy combined with the luxury of an open air swim. The lake is very large—the largest of its kind—100 ft. wide, 300 ft. long. No better arena for championship races could be thought of, and perhaps that will come.

For the present, and always, its main appeal is the facility it affords thousands of people, young and old, to bathe at one time in perfectly clean and constantly renewed water. At one end the cemented floor is but 3 ft. from the surface of the water, and this is the "Kiddies' Paradise." Near the entrance the water is 6 ft., 6 ft. 6 in., 7 ft., and even deeper, and there are diving boards of varying heights for the expert swimmers. A boat with rescue appliances is always on the lake, and there are attendants on the look-out for people in difficulty.

THE TOO VENTURESOME.

One such incident occurred on the

first day. A young man got out of his depth and lost his nerve. He was quickly dragged out, and first aid was rendered. There will always be such happenings, for youth is venturesome, and there is a spirit of bravado which thinks going out of one's depth before having learnt to swim is plucky.

A boy waiting to dry in the kindly sunshine—a towel was not included in his equipment—pulled out a "penny blood," the front page of which showed an impossible cowboy riding his horse through an impassable cataract and rescuing the heroine with his left hand, while with the other he shot Red Indians with a long Martini-Henry. Judging by the zest of his reading, that boy will be "dared" to heroic feats in the Tooting Lake. But the attendants have already learned the methods of controlling youthful exuberance. There are fine open spaces even on a weedy boy's anatomy for suggestions of good behaviour.

The new lake is thrown open every day from six a.m. till eleven a.m.; and from two p.m. till eight p.m. One day a week will be reserved for women and children, and it will be interesting to see what popularity it gains on that day. On the other days there will be always room at the deep end for swimmers of all classes; and one sees no reason at all why, before or after the day's toil, clerks, tradesmen, and working people should not indulge together in the luxury of a summer swim.

DINING AT THE GATES.

But at present, of course, Tooting is the Mecca of the schoolboy. Released for his summer holiday he has rushed for the common in wild and whirling troops, prepared to spend all day and every day in the water. Soon after one o'clock on the second day there were quite 300 youngsters waiting impatiently outside the bath for two o'clock.

"Never saw anything like it," said a weary attendant last night; "where do they all come from? They was here in shoals before the bath was opened this morning, and we had hard work to clear 'em out at eleven. Then, what do you think they did? They'd brought sandwiches and bread and cheese, went out and ate their dinners under the trees, played games till two o'clock, and was clamouring to get back to the water again!"

There is a long row of sheltered seats on which the bathers undress, rolling up their clothes in heaps, and trusting to luck to find them again.

The manly thing for the youngsters is to jump in feet first. It takes courage until you learn the easiness of it. Splashing is an immemorial pastime in water, fresh, foul, or salt; and it is good to see swimming matches gravely conducted with one foot on the cemented floor, to give leverage and safety. On the principle of the Portuguese army, which counts its cavalry by the number of horses' feet, there seemed to be thousands in the bath all yesterday afternoon, and the noise they made could be heard miles away. There were lots of fathers helping their lads to learn the art of natation, and other children, in the absence of parents, were the proud possessors of life-bladders.

2000 RACE TO THE SERPENTINE.

The passionate keenness of youth to be healthy if it can is also observable in Hyde Park on any summer's day. Bathing is allowed on a long stretch of the Serpentine opposite the Royal Humane Society's buildings for the evening hour, commencing at half-past seven, when Society has rolled away in its carriages to dine.

There were nearly two thousand of them on one hot evening recently, so impatient to lave themselves that long before seven they had begun to strip off their jackets and collars and shirts, kick off their boots—often there were no socks or stockings—and wait in the comparative freedom of patched trousers for the happy hour. All eyes were turned to the boat-house, and no sooner had the first of the three Humane Society's boats showed its nose outside than a loud shout went up, the last garment was discarded, and there was a beatific race for the water.

From a distance the little mounds of clothing on the grass looked like a colony of mole hills. Many people out for an evening's walk paused to watch the antics of the kiddies, the bobbing heads, the gleaming bodies, noting the care shown by the boatmen, and the kindly tolerance of the policemen on duty.

WHERE TO SPEND A CHARMING HOLIDAY.

WHERE can one spend a summer holiday to greater advantage than in some quiet and leisurely spot, far from the city's din, amid fresh air and peaceful surroundings? The place of which I write is an ideal resort. "Set in a silver sea," the island of Colonsay is pre-eminently a spot for a quiet holiday. My first acquaintance with it was made under the most adverse and uninviting of circumstances. I left Edinburgh one Friday night in the depth of winter for Oban, there to await what is, especially at that season of the year, the uncertain arrival of a West Highland steamer. The weather was tempestuous, and in consequence it was Sunday afternoon ere I, not without great difficulty, was landed at this unfrequented place. My first impression was that I was lost to human ken, but this thought did not last long. To me, a Scottish Borderer, it had its special attractions, for did not Scott—to whom the Borderland owes so much—sing of this lonely spot; and did not Leyden's "beauteous maid" dwell by this wind swept isle? It is this loneliness and solitude, this isolation and remoteness, that make Colonsay an ideal holiday resort, and as my later visits have been paid under happier auspices I have learned to appreciate more and more its refreshing and health giving qualities.

A Cooling Reminder during the Heat Wave.

Here the harassed man of business is for a time shut off from all his cares and worries. Letters and newspapers only arrive at sometimes irregular intervals, and he must perforce wait for some days ere news of the outer world reaches him. Here for a season he may rest amid the grandeur of the hills and fill his lungs with the pure air of the Atlantic, thus laying up for himself a store of health which will serve him in good stead during the succeeding winter.

Colonsay, with its twin island, Oransay, is full of the most interesting associations, yet for all this it is seldom included in the programme of the ordinary tourist. At the latter spot Columba is supposed to have landed, and an ancient Celtic cross and the ruins of his Priory are still to be seen. From an adjoining hill, however, he could see the coast of Ireland, and in obedience to a vow never to look on that land again he moved northwards to Iona. Hundreds of tourists annually visit Iona, but few indeed find their way to the equally interesting ruins of Oransay. The memory of Columba, as also of Oran, his chief disciple, still lives in many of the place names of the island, and as one beholds the ruins of this early home of Christianity, he wonders how the message of the gospel with all that light and learning which it brought could ever penetrate to distant parts from this lone western isle. The loneliness of the scene is impressive; scarce a human habitation is in sight, and not a sound breaks the silence save the bleating of a sheep, the cry of the sea birds or the boom of the Atlantic.

The Children of the Race."

An Amusing Paradox.

THE House of Commons is a peculiar organism. One day its members are irreconcilable enemies, engaged in a merciless conflict over the souls of our school children. The next day they are joining hands of friendship over the school children's bodies. So far as the second of these impressive spectacles is concerned, we rejoice at it. Anything which makes for national unity, anything which tends to lessen embittered controversy, will always have our support, says the *Birmingham Gazette & Express*. In this case, it is true, there is something more than Parliament to consider. There

A Preventive of Physical Deterioration.

are the children to consider. But that consideration was there from the first, and if Parliament had not a rather bad habit of imagining that itself, its persons, and its wrangles, must always take precedence of its work we should not have been tempted to forget—as we have been—that the education question is a children's question and not a party question.

If this prolonged education controversy is necessary, how does it come about that an embittered dispute on the physical condition of the children is not necessary? Why does not Parliament consider it right and proper to divide itself into irreconcilable parties on medical inspection? Why should not serumists quarrel with antiserumists, and allopaths hurl invectives at homœopaths? Perhaps we shall see these things in the future. In the meantime Parliament has considerately recognised that national opinion approves the objects of the proposed periodical medical inspection of children. This is Socialism of the right sort. Physical deterioration is a fact. On the shoulders—the sometimes ricketty shoulders—of the present day school child the responsibilities of Empire will have to rest in the near future. By all means let us observe and train that child while he is young. Let us develop him, test his eyes, test his teeth, test his hearing, and endeavour to correct his faults of body with something of the care we bestow on growing ponies. But, at the same time, in our enthusiasm for this new and simple method of building up an Imperial race, let us not impose a wearisome yoke on the children, nor worry them to death in order to improve their lives. As Mr. Gladstone once said, we have escaped from religious tyranny, let us take good care we do not hand ourselves over to a medical tyranny—which might be worse.

ITS PHYSICAL ASPECT.

The general character of the island is rugged, mountainous and rocky, showing that in early days a great upheaval must have taken place. Scott's couplet finds here an apt illustration:

"Crags, knolls and mounds confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world."

Precipitous cliffs o'erhang many parts of the shore, and at Uragaig the caves in which the Vikings dwelt are still pointed out. Many relics and remains of this period have been found, and this, with its other associations, makes Colonsay a happy hunting ground for the antiquarian. Flocks of sea birds frequent the coast, and on its reefs numerous seals can be seen basking in the sunshine.

FISHING AND GOLF.

If the visitor be neither a naturalist nor an antiquarian, there is the inevitable golf course on which to try his capabilities. If on fishing bent, he will find ample opportunity for plying his line on two excellent lochs, or he may prefer the less scientific though more successful sport of sea fishing. From the excellent hotel at Scalasaig, whose proprietrices are hospitality personified, any part of the island can easily be reached, and its inhabitants will be found warm hearted and kind.

There are two schools in the island, and its spiritual requirements are attended to by a Parish and a Baptist minister. On a recent occasion I was privileged to attend the annual Communion Service, and as I watched the worshippers gather from all parts of the island for a three and a half hours' service, and marked their solemn gait and reverent air, I could not but think of those old time Sabbaths which have played so important a part in Scottish life and character. Two services were held—one in English and the other in Gaelic. I have worshipped under the dome of St. Paul's and beheld the grandeur of a service in Westminster, but I never attended a more impressive or solemn ceremony than I did on that Communion Sunday in the Parish Kirk of Colonsay.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

A lady doctor ministers to the bodily ailments of the people, and to see her tramping the moors to visit a patient in some lonely cot, one could not but admire the courage and devotion to duty which seemed to mark her as a pioneer of the blessed art of healing.

NATURE'S LULLABY.

The air is so invigorating that the farthest walks or longest days' outings never seem to tire one, and after watching those sunsets which are here so lovely and inspiring, the visitor retires to rest well satisfied and happy, and is lulled to sleep by the lapping of the Atlantic on the pier of Scalasaig.

Secret Drinking.

Terrible effects of Alcoholic Excess on Women.

By a Medical Man.

IN his summing up of the peculiarly nauseating Watson case, Mr. Justice Deane made some strong remarks on secret drinking amongst women and the connection of drunkenness with immorality. His words deserve earnest attention, since they indicate evils which not only affect the well being of the individual and the family, but that of the State also.

What these evils are, and their extent, no one knows so well as the medical practitioner. For him the veil which hides the secret vice is drawn aside; to him is exposed the skeleton in the closet which no other stranger may look upon.

The extent to which secret drinking in the home is carried on is—in a word—appalling. And, speaking from an experience of nearly forty years, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying it has increased and is increasing. In the early seventies the woman who drank was the lowest of her sex; in the early eighties, when the grocers sold intoxicants to anyone who had the money to pay for them, the middle class woman began to drink, and, having acquired the liking for liquor, has gone on drinking ever since.

THE GROCER'S LICENCE.

To the grocer's licence I attribute this undeniable fact. When a woman is first tempted to indulge in alcohol on the sly she will hesitate to go to the ordinary public-house for it. She has some thought for her reputation, some fear of Mrs. Grundy. Had she no other means of pro-

curing drink she would probably fight against the craving and conquer. But there is the grocer round the corner. She can go to his shop without attracting attention, and can buy what she wants—having it charged as groceries if she wishes—without anyone outside being the wiser. Should she select spirits, which she almost always does, she has a bottle, a sixth of a gallon, in her possession. Far better if she went to the publican and bought sixpennyworth, for with every dram she takes from the larger bottle she takes another step on the road to destruction. That this is so I have proof. Some years ago I worked a very large country practice, and my district included nearly a dozen villages, large and small.

In two there was ready access to shops where liquor was sold for consumption outdoor. In the others there were no such facilities. In the former the drunkenness amongst women was more than double—probably treble—what it was in the latter. And the evils wrought could not be told even in a whole page of the *Sunday Chronicle*—children neglected to their death, husbands driven to despair, and in one instance to self-murder, homes broken up, being only a few.

If it be true that "the evil that men do lives after them," it is equally true of women, only that in the latter case it yields more bitter fruit. Alcoholism amongst the weaker sex entails terrible suffering on succeeding generations.

"The drunkard kills her children," says Dr. Legrain, an eminent French physician, chief of an asylum for the insane. In 819 births there were 174 infants who were either born dead or who only lived a few days.

The descendants of the drunkard come into the world heavily handicapped. This was admitted even in ancient Greece, and the Biblical expression of the sins of the fathers descending to the third and fourth generation is in unison with it. As to the first generation from the drunken mother, Dr. Legrain gives the cases of 215 parents with 518 of these children, all of whom were affected either in their nervous system or general health by the vice. In the second generation 98 observations represented a total of 294 persons. In 54 of these families mental weakness and idiocy were noted, with almost entire loss of mental sense.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Physical disease in some form was present in almost every other instance. In the third generation the race becomes almost exhausted, of those left the majority being criminals, epileptics, or degenerates.

Another observer—an English physician—confirms this. He gives the portrait of the descendant of the drunkard in a few words—he is usually degenerate, neurotic, feeble, epileptic, or insane. And if the drunkenness has been on the maternal side he has no chance of escape.

One more example of the results of alcoholism. Fifty families consisted of 287 children. Of these, 75 were mentally feeble, 24 were insane, 34 were drunkards, 30 were epileptic or hysterical, 51 had infantile convulsions, 52 died young—a shocking record, and one which, unhappily, could be paralleled many times. It gives a picture of human misery which I recommend to the attention of the ordinary, careless rhetorician or callous statesman.

In this connection must be mentioned another form of intoxication amongst women, which often grows out of undue indulgence in alcohol—the drunkenness induced by drugs. This is the most fatal form of the vice, and its effects are the most quickly seen.

There comes a time in the lives of many female dipsomaniacs, of the middle and upper classes especially, when small quantities of alcohol produce little or no sense of exhilaration, and larger doses have to be resorted to.

These, again, in due course, lose their power, and further increase becomes impossible through lack of money or some other cause. Then resource is had to drugs. Sometimes strong preparations of alcohol—such as Eau de Cologne, or even pure spirits of wine, are drunk, but generally opium in some form is taken. It produces a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction quite different from ordinary alcohol, and the victim has discovered another sensation in which she takes keen delight, and from which nothing will

restrain her. From this time her downfall is rapid.

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

Laudanum is cheap and readily procurable, unfortunately. Chlorodyne can be bought at any store. An easy-going doctor, to whom a plausible story of severe neuralgia is told, will often give a prescription which is an open sesame to the morphiamaniac paradise. In one way or another the narcotic is obtained. Happily, it is not needed long, for death quickly puts an end to the wrecked life.

It is not necessary to say anything of the connection between alcoholism and immorality beyond this—that drunkenness, especially in women, so weakens the will that resistance to passion becomes well nigh impossible.

Is there any hope for the woman inebriate? I think there is. I saw the other day a statement by a doctor that the female drunkard never reforms. He is mistaken. I have personal knowledge of several instances—three of them were victims who had become veritable slaves to drink—and not a single case was treated in a home or retreat.

What is needed is the lessening of the temptation to indulge, and proper treatment by friends and a doctor.—From the *Sunday Chronicle*.

The Summer Girl's Beauty.

THE summer girl should be the prettiest of all the year. Winter has its girl, with her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes; and spring has its own girl, with the arbutus tints and the violet glow; and April has its girl; and May and June, with the rose colours—all have their own.

But lovelier than all should be the summer girl. For her there must be eyes as clear as the sea, cheeks as pink as the shells that lie on the shore, lips as ripe as the summer berries, and a forehead as softly toned as the cream of the country girl's milking pail, and a figure that might be a composite of all the graces and all the nymphs.

The summer girl must have no blemishes. Though exposed to the sun all day, she must have no tan; though in the wind from morning until night, she must show no freckles; though she dances from night until morning, she must never display a wrinkle; though she swings the clubs and bowls and plays croquet, tennis and what-not, she must have fair, soft white hands, a perfectly moulded figure, and be coiffured from morning until night and from night until morning in the most approved style.

It is like playing with fire, the summer campaign of the summer girl. Though exposed to the scorching rays, she must not show that she feels them; though in every way tempted of the elements and enduring their rigours, she must show no outward visible evidence that they are bothering her.

It is easier said than done, this keeping clear of the sun's touches, the summer girl will tell you. But she will add that it is a possibility. She will tell you that she can keep the sun off her face in the shape of freckles and tan, and she will show you her lily-white hands—gloveless all day—yet so soft and fine and pink that you look upon them with wonder.

The hands of the summer girl are her chief wonder. You find them moist, yielding, beautiful in shape and alluring in their gestures. She keeps them so by the daily treatment she will assure you.

And then she will show you how equally lovely she keeps the skin of her face, her teeth, her hair and her very neck and shoulders, which are the most difficult of all members to keep pretty, because of the metallic stock and the coloured yokes which are worn.

The summer girl will assure you that it is all a matter of her beauty bath. It is not the carrying of a sunshade; it is not the wearing of a wide hat and gloves; it is not the staying in during the hottest of the hot hours; it is not the dieting, nor yet the daily care of the skin.

It is all, or nearly all, the beauty bath. And upon this the summer belle expends more time than she would be willing to admit.

The beauty bath of the belle begins with hot water, which must be softened. Soft water can sometimes be obtained in the form of rain-water. And distilled water can be had if its cost is no objection.

But for daily use take a basin of clear hot water and add to it a cup of boracic

acid. This is made by placing half an ounce of powdered borax in a bottle of water. The bottle is then shaken until the borax is dissolved. Borax must be added until no more of it will dissolve. Then the bottle is set aside for daily household use.

With the hot soft water, containing its quota of boracic acid, the face is well washed, and it is plentifully lathered with the best of soap. This need not be a highly scented variety, but it must be a kind that agrees with the skin.

In the beauty bath the important thing is to get the skin clean and clear. This can only be done by rubbing it and rubbing it with soap and water, properly prepared, of course, or medicated, as the beauty doctors will tell you. When the face is well heated and well soaped and well rinsed, the pores will be open and each and every one will be free and clear.

But the beauty bath is a thing that does not last long. Like any other kind of bath, it must be repeated as often as needed, and professional beauties will tell you that they need it every day.

School Health Centres.

FOR nine months or more the Education Committee of the London County Council have had under consideration an offer made by Mr. Joseph Fels of £5000 towards the promotion of physical education in Deptford. It was made with the view to the establishment of a single centre for the demonstration of the ideas and methods in connection with physical education of Miss Margaret McMillan, who is one of the managers of the group of schools referred to. In addition to individual bathing and washing, Miss McMillan's proposals include education in temperature sense; training in the care of the teeth, nail, hair, and scalp; medical observations of the palate, nostrils, throat, and ears; training in voice production; hygienic supervision of the children with regard to drill and other physical exercises; and the teaching of swimming.

Both Mr. Fels and Miss McMillan have had interviews with the Committee, with the result that the Council will be asked to accept the offer provided that Mr. Fels will waive the principle as to the personal character of the instruction and medical care to individual scholars, and will accept a scheme for the construction of a swimming bath.

It should be pointed out that Mr. Fels, who is now in America, has throughout adhered to that part of Miss McMillan's scheme with regard to the hygienic supervision of the children.

Interviewed by a member of the *Daily News* staff, Miss McMillan said that unless her proposals were accepted, it would be useless to proceed further. While admitting the great value of certain systems of drill in physical exercise, she thinks that such exercises alone do not effect radical changes in the personal habits and condition of the performer.

"Diseased conditions of body," said Miss McMillan, "favour the evolution of spurious and degraded forms of teaching. In order to give physical education there must be, in every school, one or more class-rooms adapted for training and teaching in personal hygiene. There must also be in every school a teacher specially trained and qualified for this work. All children should be trained to keep their teeth, nails, hair, and scalp in order. The teacher at the centre would be responsible for the reporting of cases of adenoids, nasal obstruction, and deafness. The training of the voice of girls going in for the teaching profession is very important, but is not seriously undertaken to-day. The teacher should at least see that the preliminary work of preparing the pupil for good vocal training is thoroughly carried out in the last school year."

"Without medical inspection in the schools," said Miss McMillan, "education can be of very little use; and if, for the moment, the education authority for London is not prepared to adopt my proposals, the time will come when it will be called upon to do something on the lines suggested."

Shackles of Fashion.

IN an age which has made certain steps to freedom it is strange that so few have asserted the principle of freedom in clothes, freedom from the moral shackles of fashion, and from the shackles of corsets, tight boots, stove-pipe hats, and other ornaments of civilised dress.—Dr. C. E. Wheeler, in *Dress Review*.

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.

Athletics in the Army.

SOME interesting sport was witnessed at Aldershot on the occasion of the twenty-seventh annual Army athletic meeting. One of the most important events on the programme was the final of the half mile race for the championship of the Army. Lieut. W. Halswell (2nd Highland Light Infantry), the quarter mile amateur champion, was generally expected to repeat his success of last year. Although he did not take the lead till within 200 yards of the tape, it was evident from the way in which he left his opponents behind just before entering the home straight that the Highlander always had the race well in hand. He ultimately won by nearly twenty yards from Lance-Corporal Dimmer (1st Hampshire Regiment) in 2 min. 5 2-5 sec.

Another interesting event was the Officers' 100 yards race, in which a close struggle was anticipated between Lieut. Halswell and the Rev. J. R. Walker (Army Chaplains' Department), the amateur sprint champion of Sussex. In the preliminary heat on the preceding day, Lieut. Halswell just gained the verdict, but in yesterday's event the lieutenant had a poor start, and the chaplain easily proved successful in 10 1-5 sec.

Miss Kellerman's Decision.

MISS KELLERMAN has decided, according to a *Daily Chronicle* correspondent, to make no further attempt to swim the Channel this year.

Famous Runner Weds.

MR. H. W. GREGSON, late of Christ Church College, the famous long distance runner and for two years President of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, son of Mr. Thomas Gregson, J.P., of Hornsea Hall, has been married to Margaret Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. R. T. Wright, late Fellow of Christ's College. The ceremony took place at Trumpington Church, the officiating clergy being the Rev. C. Taylor, D.D., Master, and the Rev. J. G. Bury, Vicar.

No English Team for Australia.

IN answer to the invitation to the Marylebone Club from the Australian Board of Control to send an English team to Australia this autumn, Mr. Lacey, the secretary of the M.C.C., has sent the following cable message: "The Committee consider too late."

Fast Bowling.

A GOOD deal has been said during the present season about the way in which batsmen have shirked certain fast bowling. I do not pretend to know what amount of truth there may be in the charge, but even if it be well grounded it is nothing new in the history of the game. Catlyn tells us, for instance, that in a certain match, when John Jackson was bowling, the wicket was so bad that every batsman was more or less injured, and "Jemmy Grundy during the short time he was in frequently drew his body away from the wicket and held the bat with one hand in front of the stumps to take its chance." Batting on the wickets which were common in the past, indeed, must have been of a highly exciting nature. It is said of a famous cricketer named Tom Robinson, who played before the days of pads and gloves, that having had his fingers smashed by balls from Tarrant he would simply stop to rub them in the dust and then go on with his innings. In more recent days, F. R. Spofforth, though not so fast as some bowlers, did a good deal of damage occasionally through the sharp way in which the ball rose from the pitch, and he tells us that once when he was bowling against Yorkshire on a bumpy wicket somebody rose in the crowd and excitedly shouted "Chain t' long beggar up; he's trying to kill 'em."

A. S. G., in the *Daily News*.

Billington Beats Nuttall.

UNUSUAL interest was excited by the grand challenge swimming race of 1000 yards at Devonport, in which the three champion swimmers, Billington, Greasley, and Nuttall, were pitted against each other for the first time. The competitors also included Hobbs, Army and Navy champion, and Freeman, of St. Ives.

Leading from the start Billington won with ease. A keen struggle took place between Greasley and Nuttall for second honours. The former passed the latter half way through the race, and beat him eventually by 5 ft. Freeman was fourth, and Hobbs last. Time, 13 min. 58 sec.

The Umpire.

(Apologies to Kipling.)

A Fool there was and he umpired fair—
(Even as you and I)—
Now, not a rag, nor a bone, nor a hank of hair
Can be found of this umpire anywhere,
(His parts, as the poets say, are rare.)
Not even a shoe, or eye.

R. E. M'CARTY.

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—One may Help Many.

For the exchange of ideas, personal experience and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and for services rendered the President will award to the reader of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Help the Mag.

Lewes.

SIR,—Being rather weak I bought a pair of grip dumb-bells from you last April, and started using them on May 1st. Although having had only three months' exercise I am glad to say there is a great improvement in me. I am doing all I can to further your efforts to improve the appearance of both sexes. I shall also buy two of your books on Physical Culture every week, and after I have perused them will gladly hand them to my friends.

BERNARD V. KEMP.

Friend Helps Friend.

Bristol.

SIR,—I am writing to tell you that I have benefited a great deal by following your course of physical culture. I first took to your system two and a half years ago, when I had the pleasure of seeing what wonders it had worked in a friend of mine, who was exceedingly well developed for his age, which was then twenty-one years. Seeing that I was interested, he got me to join a club which he attended, and after practising with him for three months with your grips, I was greatly surprised at the result. I am very glad to say that I have been the cause since of getting others to take up exercise in the same way as I did myself. I think your grip dumb-bells a fine thing to exercise with, as I think they make the pupil take a great deal more interest in the movements.

WM. MITCHELL.

Was Completely Run Down.

Neath.

SIR,—I happened to be reading your Magazine when I came across the Readers' Club, and I thought it was my duty to say a word in praise of your system of physical development.

About three and a half years ago, when I left Africa for India, I was completely run down, and I went in for your grip dumb-bells and also developers, and I must say that I got a good development from the same. After about twelve months' use of the same I had my photo taken, and forwarded one to you, and in return you sent me an excellent letter. When I got stronger I went in for running, and won over eighteen prizes; but I must say that I won through being thoroughly fit. I also have about twelve of my comrades working with me, and I must say that fine athletes they are. I at last got the chance of undergoing a course of gymnastics and, thanks to your system, I passed out first class.

G. B.

[The above correspondent is now physical instructor in a large reformatory.—THE PRESIDENT.]

Masonry of Physical Culture.

Willenhall.

SIR,—A few words on the Club motto: "One May Help Many." This week I have had the pleasure of carrying it out. A young man applied for a situation, and as I stood speaking with him I noticed in his hand a magazine. On looking a little more closely, I saw the figure of "Ben Hur." I remarked, "Do you go in for physical culture?" The reply was, "Yes; it has been the making of me." So upon that fact solely I found him a situation.

"CLUB MOTTO."

Exercises in a Field.

Ecclefechan,
Dumfries-shire.

SIR,—It is more than two years ago that I first took up your magazine from a bookstall, just out of mere idle curiosity, but I was so pleased with it that I have been a regular reader ever since. I take this opportunity of writing my own experience to the Readers' Club, of which I am very much desirous of becoming a member: I try and act up to the Club motto: "One May Help Many," as much as I can. I know I do not do much, but I cannot do more than my best. There being no gymnasium in the district, my friends and I are greatly handicapped, but I try and make up for this by gathering all the young fellows I can get, and then I take them into a field, where we go through all kinds of exercises and strong feats. For myself, I prefer a good pair of

grip dumb-bells. I think they are the best exercisers anybody can have. My hobbies are boxing, wrestling, and walking, the latter being a good exercise for those who are training for any event whatsoever. My friends and I are known as the strong men in the district. In the near future I am thinking of renting a small house and fitting it up as a gymnasium for the benefit of those who like to join, and I am sure we shall soon have a class of Sandow's physical culturists at Ecclefechan.

PETER WATSON SCOTT.

Cured of Catarrh.

Morpeth.

SIR,—Being a reader of your excellent magazine, and one who has derived great benefit from your system of physical culture, I am here sending my experience to your Readers' Club.

Before starting physical culture, I was troubled with catarrh in the stomach, but now I am enjoying the best of health. I have been a physical culturist for over six months now and like many of your readers I enjoy a cold bath after exercise. I have got my father to use your developer after his cold bath in the mornings. I have also got one of my friends to come and exercise with me at nights. I try to act up to the Club motto and get others to start by lending my friends your books ("Strength, and How to Obtain It," and "Body Building") and magazines. Thanking you for the benefit I have received from your system.

P. L. LAWSON.

Reader's Essay on Cleanliness.

Ootacamund.

SIR,—I send you this short contribution which, if you think good enough to be published in your magazine, you may do so.

"CLEANLINESS."

Cleanliness, *i.e.*, keeping the whole skin of the body pure and fresh, is a great source of health. The skin, like the internal organs of the body, has work to do, and it cannot do its work unless it is kept clean.

The skin is one means of getting rid of refuse or impure matter from the blood. For this purpose it is supplied with two or three millions of round tubes, called pores, through which it sweats out the superfluous moisture. These pores also regulate the temperature of the body. When the body gets overheated from violent exercise or exposure to fire, it is flooded with perspiration from these pores, and so is cooled. The skin, besides, is kept soft and smooth by a kind of oily matter secreted in small cells over its surface. Now, if the pores and oily cells become blocked up with dirt they cannot perform their functions. In that case, either the skin itself will become diseased or the blood will be injured by being forced to retain its impurities, or, it may be some other organ, as the kidneys, will have to do the work of the skin besides their own, and serious disease may follow.

Washing the skin is therefore indispensable to health. A complete bath should be taken or at least the whole body should be well sponged every day. The face and hands which are most exposed should be washed three or four times a day.

Swimming is the healthiest kind of washing, as it combines vigorous exercise with its other benefits. It is a safe rule never to bathe till at least two hours after a meal.

J. WILKINS.

The Home Exercise Age.

ALTHOUGH the physical culture era—beginning with its rubber cords for the spare room and leading up to a widespread indulgence in camp life and other healthy open air practices—only set in in recent years, the evidence that we are not quite the degenerate race we were, or as croakers would have us believe, grows on all hands. It crops up in unexpected quarters, and the latest to speak to the improved condition of the younger generation of dwellers in the towns are some of those who are financially interested in inducing the multitude to visit the numerous holiday resorts. In place of the pale, weedy men and the anæmic women whom a few years ago used to alight at the station and board the nearest conveyance, there now appear straight limbed, clear skinned tourists who think nothing of a long tramp through the country. It is the drivers of the conveyances who suffer most now, and whilst they grumble they are not backward at expressing their admiration at the change in the average physique, all of which dates, they aver, from what may be termed the home gymnastic age. When we deprive the schoolboy of his cigarette, and when the National League for Physical Education and Improvement meets with the recognition it deserves, we may, says the *Yorkshire Observer*, hope to hear less of that pessimistic cry of degeneracy.

Deformities Cultivated at School.

IF your child is going to school, there is something more important to watch than the marks his teacher gives him. Note the physical effects of school life. Consider whether the child is holding his own there, or is losing ground. Researches made recently by Dr. Scholderm, of Lausanne, Switzerland, indicate a very widespread prevalence of spinal curvature among school children. Out of 814 children examined, nearly 25 per cent. were found to have lateral curvature of the spine. It was further noted that the longer the children had been in school the greater the curvature. Badly constructed seats and too long study hours are doubtless the main causes. The education of children and youth as at present carried on is decidedly lacking on the score of body training. Education ought to be a preparation for life: not merely a narrow one sided mental training.—*Good Health.*

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